PHILASTER,

OR

Love lies a Bleeding.

Acted at the { *Globe*, and *Blackfriers*. } By his Majesties Servants.

The Authors being { Francis Beaumont, *and* Iohn Fletcher. } *Gentlemen.*

The fourth Impression.

LONDON,
Printed by *VV. I.* for *Richard Hawkins*, and are to be sold at his Shop in *Chancery-lane*, adjoyning to *Sarjeants Inne* gate 1634.

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THE STATIONER,

TO

THE VNDERSTANDING GENTRIE.

His Play so affectionatly taken, and approoved by the seeing Auditors, or Hearing Spectators (of which sort, I take, or conceiue you to be the greatest part) hath receiued (as appeares by the copious vent of three Editions,) no lesse acceptance with improouement of you likewise the Readers, albeit the

first impression swarm'd with Errors, proouing it self like pure Gold, which the more it hath beene tryed and refined, the better is esteemed; the best poems of this kind, in the first presentation, resembling that all tempting Minerall newly digged up, the Actors being onely the labouring Miners, but you the skilfull Triers and Refiners: Now consider how current this hath passed, under the infalible stampe of your iudicious censure, and applause, and (like a gainefull Office in this age) eagerly sought for, not onely by those that haue heard and seene it, but by others that haue meerely heard thereof: here you behold me acting the Merchant-adventurers part, yet as well for their satisfaction, as mine owne benefit, and if my hopes (which I hope, shall never lye like this Love a Bleeding,) *doe fairely arriue at their intended Heaven, I shall then be ready to lade a new Bottome, set foorth againe, to gaine the good-will both of you & them. To whom respectiuely I conuey this hearty greeting:* Adieu.

The

The Scene being in *Cicilie*.

The perſons preſented are theſe,
viz:

THe *King*.
PHILASTER, heire to the Crowne.
PHARAMOND, Prince of Spaine.
DION, a Lord.
CLERMONT, } Noble Gentlemen his Aſſociates.
THRASALINE, }
ARETHVSA, the Kings daughter.
GALLATEA, a wiſe modeſt Lady attending the Princeſſe.
MEGRA, a Laſcivious Lady.
and old Wanton Lady, or croane.
Another Lady attending the Princeſſe.
EVPHRASIA, Daughter of *Dion*, but diſguiſed like a Page, and called *Bellario*.
An old Captaine.
Five Citizens:
A Countrey fellow.
Two Woodmen.
The Kings Guard and Traine.

The Scene being in Cardia.

The persons presented are these, viz:

THE King.
PHILASTER, heirs to the Crowne.
PHARAMOND, Prince of Spaine.
DION, a Lord.
CLEREMONT, } Noble Gentlemen his Associates.
THRASALINE, }
ARETHUSA, the Kings daughter.
GALLATEA, a wise modest Lady attending the Princesse.
MEGRA, a Lascivious Lady.
and old Wanton Lady, or croane.
Another Lady attending the Princesse.
EUPHRASIA, Daughter of Dion, but disguised like a Page, and called Bellario.
An old Captaine.
Fine Citizens:
A Countrey fellow.
Two Woodmen.
The Kings Guard and Traine.

PHILASTER,

OR

LOVE lies a BLEEDING

Actus 1. *Scæna* 1.

Enter *Dion*, *Cleremont* and *Thrasiline*.

Cleremont.

HEr 's nor Lords, nor Ladyes.

Dion. Credit me Gentlemen I wonder at it. They receiu'd strict charge from the King, to attend here. Besides, it was bodily published, that no Officer should forbid any Gentlemen, that desir'd to attend and heare.

Cle. Can you ghesse the cause?

Di. Sir, it is plaine about the Spanish Prince, that's come to marry our Kingdomes Heire, and be our Soveraigne.

Tra. Many (that will seeme to know much) say, she lookes not on him like a maide in love.

Di. O sir, the multitude (that seldome know any thing, but their owne opinions) speake as they would have. But the Prince, before his owne approach, receiu'd so many confident messages from the State, that I thinke shee's resolu'd to be rul'd.

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her hee shall enjoy both these Kingdomes of *Cicilie* and *Calabria*.

Dion.

Dion. Sir, it is (without controversie) so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour, for him to enjoy both these Kingdomes, with safetie, the right Heire to one of them living, and living so vertuously: especially, the people admiring the bravery of his minde, and lamenting his injuries.

Cle. Who, *Philaster*?

Di. Yes, whose father we all know, was by our late king of *Calabria*, unrighteously deposed from his fruitful *Cicilie*. My selfe drew some blood, in those warres, which I would give my hand, to be washed from.

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in State policie, will not let me know, why (*Philaster* being Heire to one of these Kingdomes) the King should suffer him to walke abroad with such free libertie.

Di. Sir, it seemes your nature is more constant, then to enquire after State newes. But the King (of late) made a hazard of both the Kingdomes, of *Cicilie* and his owne, with offering but to imprison *Philaster*. At which the Citie was in armes, not to be charm'd downe by any State order or Proclamation, till they saw *Philaster* ride through the streetes pleasde, and without a guarde; at which they threw their Hats, and their armes from them; some to make bonfires some to drinke, all for his deliverance. Which (wise men say is the cause, the King labours to bring in the power of a forraigne Nation, to awe his owne with.

Enter *Gallatea, Megra*, and a *Lady*.

Tra. See, the Ladyes, what's the first?

Dio. A wise & modest Gentlewoman, that attends the Princesse.

Cle. The second?

Dio. She is one that may stand still discreetely enough, and ill favour'dly Dance her Measure; simper when shee is Courted by her Friend, an slight her Husband.

Cle. The last?

Di. Marry I thinke she is one whom the Sate keepes for the Agents of our confederate Princes: She'll cog, & lie with a whole Army, before the league shall breake: her name is common through the Kingdome, and the Trophies of her dishonour, advanc'd beyond *Hercules* pillars. She loves to try the severall constitutions of mens bodies; and indeed, has destroyed the worth of her owne body, by making experiment upon it, for the good of the Common-wealth.

Cle.

Cle. She's a profitable member.

La. Peace, if you love me: you shall see these Gentlemen stand their ground, and not Court us.

Gal. What if they should?

Meg. What if they should?

La. Nay, let her alone, what if they should? Why, if they should, I say, they were never abroad: what Forraigner would doe so? it writes them directly untravell'd.

Gal. Why, what if they be?

Meg. What if they be?

La. Good Madam let her goe on; what if they be? Why if they be, I will justifie, they cannot maintaine discourse with a judicious Lady, nor make a leg, nor say excuse me.

Gal. Ha, ha, ha.

La. Doe you laugh Madam.

Di. Your desires urge you Ladyes:

La. Then you must sit beside us.

Di. I shall sit neere you then Lady.

La. Neere me perhaps: But there's a Lady endures no stranger, and to me you appeare a very strange fellow.

Meg. Me thinkes he's not so strange, hee would quickly bee acquainted.

Tra. Peace, the King.

Enter *King*, *Pharamond*, *Arethusa*; and traine.

King. To give a stranger testimony of love,
Then lickly promises (which commonly
In Princes finde both birth and buriall)
In one breath, we have drawne you worthy sir,
To make your faire indearements to our Daughter;
And worthy services knowne to you subjects:
Now I'm'd and wonderd at. Next, our intent,
To plant you deepely, our immediate Heire,
Both to our Blood and Kingdomes. For this Lady,
(The best part of your life, as you confirme me,
And I beleeve) though her few yeeres and sex
Yet teach her nothing but her feares and blushes,
Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge,
Onely of What her selfe, is to her selfe,

Make her feele moderate health: And when ſhe ſleepes,
In making no ill day, knowes no ill dreames,
Thinke not (deare ſir) theſe undivided parts,
That muſt mould up a Virgin, are put on
To ſhew her ſo, as borrowed ornaments,
To ſpeake her perfect love to you, or adde
An Artificiall ſhadow to her nature:
No ſir, I boldly dare proclaime her, yet
No Woman. But wooe her ſtill, and thinke her modeſty,
A ſweeter miſtreſſe then the offer'd Language
Of any Dame, were ſhee a Queene whoſe eye
Speakes common loves and comforts to her ſervants.
Laſt, noble ſonne, (for ſo I now muſt call you)
What I have done thus publike, is not onely
To adde a comfort in particular,
To you or me, but all; and to confirme
The Nobles, and the Gentry of theſe Kingdomes,
By oath to your ſucceſſion, which ſhall be
Within this moneth at moſt.

Tra. This will be heardly done.

Cle. It muſt be ill done, if it be done.

Di. When tis at beſt, twill be but halfe done,
Whilſt ſo brave a Gentleman is wrong'd and flung off.

Tra. I feare.

Cle. Who does not?

Di. I feare not for my ſelfe, and yet I feare too:
Well, we ſhall ſee, we ſhall ſee: no more.

Pha. Kiſſing your white hand (miſtriſſe) I take leave,
To thanke your royall father: And thus farre,
To be my owne free Trumpet. Vnderſtand
Great King, and theſe your ſubjects, mine that muſt be,
(For ſo deſerving you have ſpoke me, ſir,
And ſo deſerving I dare ſpeake my ſelfe)
To what a perſon, of what eminence,
Ripe expectation, of what faculties,
Manners and vertues you would wed your Kingdomes;
You in me have your wiſhes. Oh this Countrey,
(By more then all my hopes I hold it happy,

Happy

Happy, in their deare memories, that have beene
Kings great and good; happy in yours, that is,
And from you (as a Chronicle to keepe
Your noble name from eating age) doe I,
Open my ſelfe moſt happy. Gentlemen,
Beleeve me in a word, a Princes word,
There ſhall be nothing to make up a Kingdome
Mighty, and flouriſhing, defenced, fear'd
Equall to be commanded, and obey'd;
But through the travels of my life I'le finde it,
And tye it to this Countrey. And I vow,
My reigne ſhall be ſo eaſie to the ſubject,
That every man ſhall be his Prince himſelfe,
And his owne law: yet I his Prince and law.
And deareſt Lady, to your deareſt ſelfe,
(Deare, in the choiſe of him, whoſe name and luſtre
Muſt make you more and mightier) let me ſay,
You are the bleſſed'ſt living; for, ſweet Princeſſe,
You ſhall enjoy a man of men, to be
Your ſervant; you ſhall make him yours, for whom
Great Queenes muſt die.

Tra. Miracalous.

Cle. This ſpeech calls him *Spaniard*, being nothing but a large inventory of his owne commendations.

Enter *Philaſter*.

Di. I wonder what's his price? For certainely he'le ſell himſelfe he has ſo praiſde his ſhape: But here comes one, more worthy thoſe large ſpeeches, then the large ſpeaker of them; let me be ſwallowed quicke, if I can finde, in all the Anatomy of yon mans vertues, one ſinnew ſound enough to promiſe for him, he ſhall be Conſtable. By this Sunne, hee'll ne're make King, unleſſe it be for trifles, in my poore judgement.

Phi. Right noble ſir, as low as my obedience,
And with a hart as loyall as my knee,
I beg your favour.

K. Riſe, you have it ſir.

Di. Marke but the King how pale he lookes with feare,
Oh, this same whoreſon Conſcience, how it jades us:
K. Speake your intents ſir.
Phi. Shall I ſpeake um freely?
Be ſtill my royall Soveraigne.
K. As a ſubject,
We give you freedome.
Di. Now it heates.
Phi. Then thus I turne
My language to you Prince, you forraigne man:
Ne're ſtare, nor put on wonder, for you muſt
Indure me, and you ſhall. This earth you tread upon,
(A dowry as you hope with this faire Princeſſe,
Whoſe memory I bow to) was not left
By my dead father (Oh, I had a father)
To your inheritance, and I up, and living,
Having my ſelfe about me and my ſword,
The ſoules of all my name, and memories;
Theſe armes, and ſome few friends, beſide the gods,
To part ſo calmely with it, and ſit ſtill,
And ſay I might have beene. I tell thee *Pharamond*,
When thou art King, looke I be dead and rotten,
And my name aſhes, For, heare me *Pharamond*,
This very ground thou goeſt on: this fat earth,
My fathers friends made fertile with their faiths,
Before that day of ſhame, ſhall gape and ſwallow
Thee and thy Nation, like a hungry Grave,
Into her hidden bowells: Prince, it ſhall;
By *Nemeſis* it ſhall.
Pha. He's mad, beyond cure, mad.
Di. Here's a fellow has ſome fire in's vaines:
The outlandiſh Prince lookes like a tooth-drawer.
Phi. Sir Prince of Poppiniayes, I'le make it well appeare
To you I am not mad.
K. You diſpleaſe us,
You are to bold.
Phi. No ſir, I am too tame,

Too much a Turtle, a thing borne without paſſion,
A faint ſh dow, that every drunken clow'd ſailes over,
And makes nothing.

K. I doe not fancie this,
Call our Phyſitions? ſure he is ſomewhat tainted:

Tra. I doe not thinke twill proove ſo.

Di. Has given him a generall purge already, for all the right hee has, and now he meanes to let him blood: Be conſtant Gentlemen, by theſe hilts I'le runne his hazard, although I runne my name out of the Kingdome.

Cle. Peace we are all one ſoule.

Pha. What you have ſeene in me; to ſtirre offence,
I cannot finde, unleſſe it be this Lady,
Offer'd into my armes, with the ſucceſſion,
Which I muſt keepe though it hath pleaſd your fury
To muteny within you; without diſputing
Your *Genealogies*, or taking knowledge
Whoſe branch you are. The King will leave it me,
And I dare make it mine; you have your anſwer.

Phi. If thou were ſole inheritor to him,
That made the world his; and couldſt ſee no ſunne
Shine upon any thing but thine: were *Pharamond*
As truely valiant, as I feele him cold,
And ringd amongſt the choyceſt of his friends,
Such as would bluſh to talke ſuch ſerious foollies,
Or backe ſuch bellied commendations.
And from this preſence: Spight of all theſe bugs,
You ſhould heare further from me.

K. Sir, you wrong the Prince:
I gave you not this freedome, to brave our beſt friends;
You deſerve our frowne: Goe to, be better temper'd.

Phi. It muſt be ſir, when I am nobler uſde.

Gal. Ladyes,
This would have beene a patterne of ſucceſſion,
Had he ne're met this miſchiefe. By my life,
He is the worthieſt the true name of man,
This day, within my knowledge.

Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge,
But the other is the man ſet in my eye:
Oh tis a prince of wax.
Gal. A dog it is.
K. Philaſter, tell me,
The injuries you aime at in your riddles.
Phi. If you had my eyes ſir, and ſufferance,
My griefes upon you, and my broken fortunes,
My want's great, and now nought but hopes, and feares,
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laught at:
Dare you be ſtill my King, and right me not?
K. Give me your wrongs in private. *They whiſper.*
Phi. Take them;
And eaſe me of a load, would bow ſtrong *Atlas*.
Cle. He dares not ſtand the ſhock.
Di. I cannot blame him, ther's danger in't. Every man in this age, has not a ſoule of Chriſtall, for all men to reade their actions through: mens hearts and faces are ſo farre aſunder, that they hold no intelligence. Doe but view yon ſtranger well, and you ſhall ſee a feaver through all his bravery, and feele him ſhake like a true tenant; if he give not backe his Crowne againe, upon the report of and Elder Gun, I have no augury.
K. Goe to:
Be more your ſelfe, as you reſpect our favour:
You'l ſtirre us elſe; Sir, I muſt have you know,
That y'are, and ſhall be at our pleaſure, what faſhion we
Will put upon you: ſmooth your brow, or by the gods.
Phi. I am dead ſir, y'are my Fate: It was not I
Said I was not wrong'd: I carry all about me,
My weake ſtarres lead me too; all my weake fortunes.
Who dares in all this preſence ſpeake (that is
But man of fleſh, and may be mortall) tell me
I doe not moſt intirely love this Prince,
And honour his full vertues.
K. Sure hee's poſſeſt.
Phi. Yes, with my fathers ſpirit: It's here, O King,
A dangerous ſpirit: now he tells me King,

I was a Kings Heire, bids me be a King,
And whiſpers to me, theſe are all my ſubjects:
Tis ſtrange, he will not let me ſleepe, but dives
Into my fancy, and there gives me ſhapes,
That kneele, and doe me ſervice, cry me King:
But I'le ſuppreſſe him, he's a factious ſpirit,
And will undoe me: noble ſir, your hand,
I am your ſervant.

K. Away, I do not like this:
I'le make you tamer, or I'le diſpoſſeſſe you
Both of life and ſpirit: for this time
I pardon your wilde ſpeech, without ſo much
As your impriſonment.

Exit *K. Pha. Are.*

Di. I thanke you ſir, you dare not for the people.

Gall. Ladies, what thinke you now of this brave fellow?

Meg. A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand: but eye yon ſtranger, is he not a fine compleate Gentleman? O theſe ſtrangers, I doe affect them ſtrangely: they doe the rareſt home things, and pleaſe the fulleſt? as I live, I could love all the Nation over and over for his ſake.

Gal. Pride comfott your poore head-peece Lady, tis a weake one, and had neede of a night cap.

Di. See how his fancie labours, has he not ſpoke
Home, and bravely? what a dangerous traine
Did he give fire to? How he ſhooke the King,
Made his ſoule melt within him, and his blood
Run into whay: it ſtood upon his brow,
Like a cold winter dew.

Phi. Gentlemen,
You haveno ſuite to me? I am no Minion:
You ſtand (me thinks) like men that would be Courtiers
If you could well be flatter'd at a price,
Not to undoe your children: y'are all honeſt:
Go get you home againe, and make your Countrey
A vertuous Court, to which your great ones may,
In their diſeaſed age retire, and live recluſe.

Cle. How doe you worthy ſir?

Phi. Well, very well;
And so well, that if the King please, I finde
I may live many yeeres,
Di. The King must please,
Whilst we know what you are, and who you are,
Your wrongs and injuries: shrinke not, worthy sir,
But adde your father to you: In whose name,
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abused people,
Who like to raging torrents shall swell high,
And so begirt the dens of these Male-dragons,
That through the strongest safety, they shall beg
For mercy at your swords point.
Phi. Friends, no more,
Our eares may be corrupted: Tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to: do you love me?
Tra. Doe we love Heaven, and Honour?
Phi. My Lord *Dion*, you had
A vertuous Gentlewoman, cald you father,
Is she yet alive?
Di. Most honor'd sir, she is:
And for the penance but of an idle dreame,
Has undertooke a tedious Pilgrimage.

Enter a *Lady.*

Phi. Is it to me, or any of these Gentlemen you come?
La. to you, brave Lord: the Princesse would intreat
Your present company.
Phi. The Princesse send for me? y'are mistaken.
La. If you be cald *Philaster*, tis to you.
Phi. Kisse her hand, and say I will attend her.
Di. Doe you know what you doe?
Phi. Yes, goe to see a woman.
Cle. But doe you weigh the danger you are in?
Phi. Danger in a sweete face?
By *Iupiter* I must not feare a woman.
Tra. But are you sure it was the Princesse sent?
It may be some foule traine to catch your life.
Phi. I doe not thinke it Gentlemen; she's noble,

Her

Her eye may shoote me dead, or those true red
And white friends in her face may steale my soule out?
There's all the danger in't; but be what may, *Exit Phil.*
Her single name hath arm'd me.
Di. Goe on:
And be as truely happy, as th'art feareless:
Come Gentlemen let's make our friends acquainted,
Least the King prove false. *Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Enter Arethusa, *and a Lady.*

Are. Comes he not?
La. Madam?
Are. Will *Philaster* come?
La. Deare Madam, you were wont
To credit me at first.
Are. But didst thou tell me so?
I am forgetfull, and my womans strength
Is so orecharg'd, with dangers like to grow
About my marriage, that these under things
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea:
How lookt he, when he told thee he would come?
La. Why, well.
Are. And not a little fearefull?
La. Feare Madam? sure he knowes not what it is:
Are. You are all of his faction; the whole Court
Is bold in praise o him, whilst I
May live neglected: and doe noble things,
As fooles in strife throw gold into the Sea,
Drownd in the doing: but I know he feares?
La. Feare? Madam (me thought) his lookes hid more
Of love then feare.
Are. Of love? To whom? To you?
Did you deliver those plaine words I sent,
With such a winning gesture, and quicke looke,
That you have caught him?
La. Madam, I meane to you.
Are. Of love to me? Alas, thy ignorance

Lets thee not see the crosses of our births:
Nature, that loves not to be questioned
Why she did this, or that, but has her ends;
And knowes she does well, never gave the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am: If a bowle of blood
Drawne from this arme of mine, would poyson thee,
A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me?
La. Madam, I thinke I heare him.
Are. Bring him in;
You Gods that would not have your doomes withstood,
Whose holy wisedomes at this time it is,
To make the passion of a feeble maide,
The way unto your Iustice; I obay.
La. Here is my Lord *Philaster*. *Enter* Phi:
Are. Oh 'tis well:
Withdraw your selfe,
Phi. Madam, your Messenger
Made me beleeve, you wish'd to speake with me.
Are. Tis true *Philaster*; but the words are such,
I have to say, and doe so ill beseeme
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loth to speake them. Have you knowne,
That I have ought detracted from your worth?
Have I in person wrong'd you? Or have set
My baser instruments to throw disgrace
Vpon your vertues?
Phi. Never Madam you.
Are. Why then should you in such a publike place,
Injure a Princesse, and a scandall lay
Vpon my fortunes, fam'd to be so great:
Calling a great part of my dowry in question:
Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speake, will be
Foolish: but for your faire and vertuous selfe,
I could affoord my selfe to have no right
To any thing you wish'd.
Are. *Philaster*, know,

I Muſt enjoy theſe Kingdomes.
Phi. Madam, both?
Are. Both, or I dye: by *Fate* I die *Philaſter*
If I not calmely may enjoy them both.
Phi. I would doe much to ſave that noble life:
Yet would be loth to haue poſterity
Finde in our ſtories: that *Philaſter* gave
His right unto a Scepter, and a Crowne,
To ſave a Ladyes longing.
Are. Nay then heare:
I muſt, and will have them and more.
Phi. What more?
Are. Or looſe that little life the gods prepared,
To trouble this poore peece of earth withall.
Phi. Madam, what more?
Are. Turne then a way thy face.
Phi. No.
Are. Doe:
Phi. I cannot indure it: turne away my face?
I never yet ſaw enemy that looke
So dreadfully, but that I thought my ſelfe
As great a Baſiliske as he: or ſpake
So horrible, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder underneath, as much as his:
Nor beaſt that I could turne from: ſhall I then
Beginne to feare ſweete ſounds? a Ladies voyce,
Whom I doe loue? Say you would have my life,
Why, I will give it you; for it is of me,
A thing ſo loath'd, and unto you that aske,
Of ſo poore uſe, that I ſhall make no price,
If you intreate, I will unmou'dly heare.
Are. Yet for my ſake a little bend thy looke.
Phi. I doe.
Are Then know I muſt have them, and thee.
Phi. And me?
Are. Thy love: without which, all the Land
Diſcovered yet, will ſerve me for no uſe,

But to be buried in.

Phi. Ist possible?

Are. With it, it were to little to bestow
On thee: Now, though thy breach doe strike me dead
(Which know it may) I have unript my breft,

Phi. Madam, you are to full of noble thoughts,
To lay a traine for this contemned life,
Which you may have for asking: to suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill: love you,
By all my hopes I doe, above my life:
But how this passion should proceed from you,
So violently would amaze a man,
That would be jealous.

Are. Another soule into my body shot,
Could not have fild me with more strength and spirit,
Then this thy breath: but spend not hasty time,
In seeking how I came thus: tis the gods.
The gods, that make me so: and sure our love
Will be the nobler, and the better blest,
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave and kisse,
Least some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us,
And we should part without it.

Phi. Twill be ill,
I should abide here long.

Are. Tis true: and worse,
You should come often. How shall we devise
To hold intelligence? That our encloses;
On any new occasion may agree,
What path is best to tread?

Phi. I have a Boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seene in the Court. Hunting the Bucke,
I found him sitting by a Fountaines side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And payd the Nymph again double with teares;
A Garland lay him by, made by her self,

Of many severall flowers, bred in the bay,
Stucke in that misticke order, that the rareuesse
Delighted me; but ever, when he turned
His tender eyes upon um, he would weepe,
As if he meant to make un grow againe.
Seeing Such pretty he pelesse inhocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story;
He told me that his parents gentle dyed,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him rootes; and of the Christall springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the Sunne,
Which still he thank'd him, yeelded him his light.
Then tooke he up his Garland, and did shew,
What every flower as Countrey people hold,
Did signifie: and how all, ordered thus,
Exprest his griefe: and to my thoughts did read
The pretiest lecture of his Countrey Art,
That could be wisht: so that, me thought, I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,
Who was glad to follow; and have got
The trustiest, lovingst, and the gentlest boy,
That euer master kept: Him will I send,
To waite on you, and beare our hidden love.

Enter *Lady*.

Are. Tis well, no more.

La. Madam, the Prince is come to doe his service.

Are. What will you doe *Philaster* with your selfe?

Phi. Why, that which all the Gods have appoynted out for me.

Are. Deare, hide thy selfe:
Bring in the Prince.

Phi. Hide me from *Pharamond*?
When Thunder speakes, which is the voyce of *Iove*,
Though I doe reverence, yet I hide me not;
And shall a stranger Prince have leave to brag
Vnto a forraigne Nation, that he made
Philaster hide himselfe.

Are. He cannot know it.

Phi. Though it should sleepe for ever to the world,

It is a ſimple ſinne to hide my ſelfe,
Which will for ever on my conſcience lie.
Are. Then good *Philaſter* give him mſcope and way
In what he ſayes: for he is apt to ſpeake,
What you are loath to heare: for my ſake doe.
Phi. I will.

Enter *Pharamond.*

Pha. My Princely Miſtriſſe, as true lovers ought,
I come to kiſſe theſe faire hands; and to ſhew
In outward ceremonies, the deare love
Writ in my heart,
Phi. If I ſhall have an anſwere no directlier,
I am gone.
Pha. To what would he have anſwer?
Are. To his claime unto the Kingdome.
Pha. Sirra, I forbare you before the King.
Phi. Good ſir doe ſo ſtill, I would not talke with you.
Pha. But now the time is fitter, doe but offer
To make mention of right to any kingdome.
Though it be ſcarce habitable.
Phi. Good ſir let me goe.
Pha. And by my ſword,
Phi. Peace *Pharamond*: if thou——
Are. Leave us *Philaſter.*
Phi. I have done.
Pha. You are gone: by heaven I'le fetch you backe.
Phi. You ſhall not need.
Pha. What now.
Phi. Know *Pharamond*,
I loath to brawle with ſuch a blaſt as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voyce: But if
Thou ſhalt provoke me further, men ſhall ſay,
Thou wert, and not lament it.
Pha. Doe you ſlight
My greatneſſe ſo? and in the chamber of the Princeſſe?
Phi. It is a place, to which, I muſt confeſſe,
I owe a reuerence: but were't the Church,
And at the Altar, there's no place ſo ſafe,

Where

Where thou darst injure me, but I dare kill thee:
And for your greatnesse; know sir, I can grasp
You, and your greatnesse, thus, thus into nothing:
Give not a word not a word backe: Farewell. *Exit Phi.*

Pha. Tis an odde fellow Madam, we must stop
His mouth with some office, when we are married.

Are. You were best make him your controuler.

Pha. I thinke he would discharge it well. But Madam,
I hope our hearts are knit; and yet so slow
The ceremonies of State are, that twill be long
Before our hands be so: If then you please
Being agreed in heart, let us not waite
For dreaming forme, but take a little stolne
Delights, and so prevent our joyes to come:

Are. If you dare speake such thoughts,
I must withdraw in honour. *Exit: Are.*

Pha. The constitution of my body will never hold out till the wedding: I must seeke else-where. *Exit, Pha.*

Actus. 2. Scæna 1.

Enter *Philaster* and *Bellario.*

Phi. And thou shalt finde her honourable boy:
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine owne modesty: and for my sake,
Apter to give, then thou wilt be to aske,
I, or deserve.

Bell. Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing:
And onely yet am something, by being yours;
You trusted me unknowne, and that which you were apt,
To conster, a simple innocence in me,
Perhaps, might have beene craft: the cunning of a boy
Hardned in lies and theft; yet venter'd you,
To part my miseries and me: For which,
I never can expect to serve a Lady,

That beares more honour in her breast then you.

Phi. But boy, it will preferre thee: thou art young,
And beareſt a childiſh overflowing love,
To ſuch as that clap thy cheekes, and ſpeake thee faire yet;
But when thy judgement comes to rule thoſe paſſions,
Thou wilt remember beſt thoſe carefull friends,
That plac'd thee in the nobleſt way of life;
She is a Prince that preferres thee ſo.

Bel. In that ſmall time that I have ſeene the world,
I never knew a man haſty to part
With a ſervant he thought truſty: I remember,
My father would preferre the boyes he kept,
To greater men then he, but did it not,
Till th y were growne too wary for himſelfe.

Phi. Why gentle boy, I finde no fault at all
In thy behaviour.

Bel. Sir, if I have miſde
A fault of ignorance, inſtruct my youth,
I ſhall be willing, if not apt to learne,
Age and experience will adorne my minde,
With larger knowledge. And if I have done
A willfull fault, thinke me not paſt all hope
For once; what maſter holds ſo ſtrict a hand
Over his boy that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,
To breake my ſtubborne neſſe if it be ſo,
Rather then turne me off, and I ſhall mend.

Phi. Thy love doth plead ſo prettily to ſtay,
That (truſt me) I could weepe to part with thee,
Alas, I do not turne thee off; thou knoweſt
It is my buſineſſe that doeth call thee hence,
And when thou art with her thou'lt well ſit with me:
Thinke ſo, and it ſo: and when time is full
That thou haſt well diſcharg'd this heavy truſt,
Laid on ſo weake a one: I will againe,
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will:
Nay, weepe not, gentle boy: 'Tis more then time

Thou didſt attend the Princeſſe.

Bel. I am gone:
But ſince I am to part with you my Lord,
And none knowes whether I ſhall live to doe
More ſervice for you: take this little prayer:
Heaven bleſſe your loves, your fights, all your deſignes;
May ſicke men, if they have your wiſh, be well:
And heaven have thoſe you curſe, though I be one. *Exit.*

Phi. The love of boyes unto their Lords, is ſtrange,
I have read wonders of it, yet this boy,
For my ſake (if a man may judge by lookes,
And ſpeech) would out doe ſtory. I may ſee
A day to pay him for his loyalty. *Exit.* Phi.

Enter *Pharamond.*

Pha. Why ſhould theſe Ladyes ſtay ſo long? They muſt come this way; I know the Queene imployes um not, for the reverend mother ſent me word, they would all be for the garden. If they ſhould all prove honeſt now, I were in a faire taking; I was never ſo long without ſport in my life, and in my conſcience, tis not my fault. Oh, for our countrey Ladyes. Heere's one boulted, I'le hound at her.

Enter *Gallatea.*

Gal. Your grace.

Pha. Shall I not be a trouble?

Gal. Not to me ſir.

Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quicke; by this ſweete hand.

Gall. You'le be forſworne ſir, tis but an old glove. If you will talke at diſtance, I am for you: but good Prince be not bawdy, nor doe not brag: theſe two I barre, and then I thinke, I ſhall have ſence enough, to anſwer all the waighty *Apothegmes*, your royall blood ſhall manage.

Pha. Deare Lady can you love?

Gal. Deare Prince how deare? I ne're coſt you a Coach yet, nor put you to the deare repentance of a banquet; Heere's no Scarlet ſir, to bluſh the ſinne out, it was given for: This wyer mine owne haire covers: and this face has beene ſo farre from being deare to any, that it ne're coſt penny paintings: And for the reſt of my poore Wardrobe, ſuch as you ſee, it leaves

no hand behind it, to make the jealous Mercers wife, curse our good doings.

Pha. You mistake me Lady.

Gal. Lord, I doe so: would you, or I could helpe it.

Pha. Doe Ladies o' this Country, use to give no more respect to men of my full being.

Gal. Full Being? I understand you not, unlesse your Grace meanes growing to fatnesse: and then your onely remedy (upon my knowledge Prince) is, in a morning, a cup of neate White wine, brewd with *Carduus*, then fast till supper; about eight you may eate: use exercise, and keepe a Sparrow-hawke, you can shoot in a Tiller: But of all, your Grace must flie *Phlebotomie*, fresh Porke Conger, and clarified whay: They are all dullers of the vitall spirits.

Pha. Lady you talke of nothing, all this while.

Gal. 'Tis very true sir, I talke of you.

Pha. This is a crafty wench, I like her wit well, 'twill be rare to stirre up a leaden appetite: she's a *Danae*, and must be courted in a showre of gold. Madam, looke here, all these, and more, then ——

Gal. What have you there, my Lord? gold? Now, as I live, 'tis faire gold: you would have silver o' it to play with the Pages: you could not have taken me in a worse time: But if you have present use my Lord, I'le send my man with silver, and keepe your gold for you.

Pha. Lady, Lady.

Gall. She's comming sir behind, will take white mony. Yet for all this I'le match yee. *Exit Gal. behind the hangings.*

Pha. If there be but two such more in this Kingdome, and neere the Court, we may even hang up our harpes: ten such *Champhier* constitutions as this; would call the golden age againe in question, and teach the old way for every ill fac't husband, to get his owne children: and what a mischiefe that will breed, let all consider.

Enter *Megra*

Here's another: if she be of the same last, the divell shall plucke her on. Many faire mornings, Lady.

Meg. As many mornings bring as many dayes,
Faire, sweete, and hopefull to your Grace.

Pha. She gives good words yet: Sure this wench is free:

If your more serious businesse do not call you.
Let me hold quarter with you, wee'l talke an houre
Out quickly.

Meg. What would your grace talke of?

Pha. Of some such pretty subject as your selfe.
I'le goe no further then your eye, or lip,
There's theame enough for one man for an age.

Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even,
Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, and red enough,
Or my glasse wrongs me.

Pha O they are two twind cherries died in blushes,
Which those faire sunnes above, with their bright beames
Reflect upon, and ripen: sweetest beauty,
Bow downe those branches, that the longing taste,
Of the fair looker on, may meete those blessings,
And taste and live.

Meg. O delicate sweete Prince;
Shee that hath snow enough about her heart,
To take the wanton spring of ten such lynes off,
May be a Nunne without probation.
Sir you have in such neate poetry, gathered a kisse,
That if I had but five lines of that number,
Such pretty begging blankes: I should commend
Your forehead, or your cheekes, and kisse you too.

Pha. Doe it in prose; you cannot misse it Madam.

Meg. I shall, I shall.

Pha. By my life you shall not:
I'le prompt you first: Can you doe it now?

Meg. Me thinkes tis ealie, now I ha don't before:
But yet I should sticke at it.

Pha. Sticke till to morrow,
I'le ne're part you sweetest. But we lose time;
Can you love me?

Meg. Love you my Lord? How would you have me love you?

Pha. I'le teach you in a short sentence, cause I will not load your memory, this is all: love me, and lye with me

Meg. was it in with you that you said? Tis impossible.

Pha. Not to a willing minde, that will endeavour; if I doe not teach you to doe it as easily in one night, as you'l goe to bed: I'le loose my royall blood for't.

Meg. Why Prince, you have a Lady of your owne, that yet wants teaching.

Pha. I'le sooner teach a Mare the old measures; then teach her any thing belonging to the function: she's afraid to ly with her selfe, if shee have but any masculine imaginations about her; I know when we are married, I must ravish her.

Meg. By my honor, that's a foule fault indeed, but time and your good helpe will weare it out sir.

Pha. And for any other I see, excepting your deare selfe, dearest Lady, I had rather be sir *Tim* the Schoolemaster, and leape a dayrie Maide.

Meg. Has your Grace seene the Court-starre, *Gallatea*?

Pha. Out vpon her; she's as cold of her favour as an appoplex; she said by but now.

Meg. And how doe you hold her wit sir?

Pha. I hold her wit? The strength of all the Guard cannot hold it if they were tied to it, she would blow vm out of the Kingdome, They talke of *Iupiter*, he's but a squibcracker to her: Looke well about you, and you may finde a tongue bolt. But speake sweete Lady, shall I be freely welcome?

Meg. Whither?

Pha. To your bed; if you mistrust my faith, you doe me the vnnoblest wrong.

Meg. I dare not Prince, I dare not.

Pha. Make your owne conditions, my purse shall seale vm, and what you dare imagine you can want, I'le furnish you withall: give two houres to your thoughts every morning about it. Come, I know you are bashfull, speake in my eare, will you be mine? keep this, and with it, me: soone I will visit you.

Meg. My Lord, my chambers most unsafe, but when tis night, I'le finde some meanes to slippe into your lodging: till when ——

Pha. Till when, this & my heart go with thee. *Ex-several maies.*

Enter *Gallatea from behinde the hangings.*

Gall.

Gal. Oh thou pernitious petticote Prince, are theſe your vertues? Well, if I doe not lay a traine to blow your ſport up, I am no woman: and Lady Towſabell I'le fit you for't. *Exit Gal.*

Enter *Arethuſa and a Lady.*

Are. Where's the boy?

La. Within Madam.

Are. Gave you him gold to buy him cloathes?

La. I did.

Are. And has he don't?

La. Yes Madam.

Are. Tis a pretty ſad talking boy, is it not? Asked you his name?

La. No Madam. Enter *Gallatea*

Are. O you are welcome, what good newes?

Gal. As good as any one can tell your Grace, That ſayes ſhe has done that, you would haue wiſh'd.

Are. Haſt thou diſcovered?

Gal. I have ſtrained a point of modeſty for you.

Are. I pree thee how?

Gal. In liſtning after bawdery: I ſee, let a Lady live never ſo modeſtly, ſhee ſhall be ſure to finde a lawfull time, to harken after bawdery; your Prince, brave *Pharamond*, was ſo hot on't.

Are. With whom?

Gal. Why, with the Lady I ſuſpect: I can tell the time and place.

Are. O when, and where?

Gal. To night, his Lodging.

Are. Runne thy ſelfe into the preſence, mingle there againe With other Ladies leave the reſt to me: If Deſteny (to whom we dare not ſay, Why thou didſt this) have not decreed it ſo, In laſting leaves (whoſe ſmalleſt Carracters Was never alterd:) yet, this match ſhall breake. Wher's the boy? Enter *Bellario*

La. Here Madam.

Are. Sir, you are ſad to change your ſervice, iſt not ſo?

Bell. Madam, I have not chang'd: I wayte on you,

To

To doe him ſervice.

Are. Thou diſclaimſt in me;
Tell me thy name.

Bell. *Bellario.*

Are. Thou canſt ſing, and play.

Bell. If griefe will give me leave, Madam, I can.

Are. Alas, what kinde of griefe can thy yeares know?
Hadſt thou a curſt maſter, when thou wentſt to ſchoole?
Thou art not capable of other griefe;
Thy browes and cheekes are ſmooth as waters be,
When no breath troubles them: beleeve me boy,
Care ſeekes out wrinkled browes, and hollow eyes,
And builds himſelfe caves to abid in them.
Come ſir, tell me truely does your Lord love me?

Bell. Love Madam? I know not what it is.

Are. Canſt thou know griefe, and never yet knewſt love?
Thou art deceiv'd boy; does he ſpeake of me
As if he wiſh'd me well?

Bell. If it be love,
To forget all reſpect of his owne friends,
In thinking of your face: if it be love
To ſit croſſe arm'd and ſigh away the day,
Mingled with ſtarts, crying your name as loud,
And haſtily, as men i'the ſtreetes doe fire;
If it be love to weepe himſelfe away,
When he but heares of any Lady dead,
Or kil'd, becauſe it might have beene your chance.
If when he goes to reſt (which will not be)
Twixt every prayer he ſayes, to name you once
As others drop a bead; be to be in love;
Then Madam, I dare ſweare he loves you.

Are. O y'are a cunning boy, and taught to lie,
For your Lords credit; but thou knoweſt, a lie
That beares this ſound, is welcomer to me,
Then any truth that ſaies he loves me not.
Lead the way boy: Doe you attend me too:
Tis thy Lords buſineſſe haſtes me thus: Away.

Exeunt

Enter

Enter *Dion, Cleremont, Traſilin, Megra Gallatea.*

Di. Come Ladies, ſhall we talke a round: As men
Doe walke a mile, women ſhould talke an houre
After ſupper: Tis their exerciſe.
Gal. Tis late.
Meg. Tis all,
My eyes will doe to lead me to my bed.
Gal. I feare they are ſo heavy, you'le ſcarce finde
The way to your lodging with um to night.

Enter *Pharamond.*

Tra. The Prince.
Pha. Not a bed Ladies, y'are good ſitters up;
What thinke you of a pleaſant dreame to laſt
Till morning.
Meg. I ſhould choſe my Lord a pleaſing wake before it.

Enter *Arethuſa and Bellario.*

Are. Tis well my Lord: y'are courting of Ladies
Iſt not late Gentlemen?
Cle. Yes Madam.
Are. Waite you there. *Exit Arethuſa.*
Meg. She's jealous, as I live: looke you my Lord,
The Princeſſe has a *Hilas* an *Adonis.*
Pha. his forme is Angell-like.
Meg. Why this is he, muſt, when you are wed,
Sit by your pillow, like young *Apollo*, with
His hand and voyce binding your thoughts in ſleepe:
The Princeſſe does provide him for you, and for her ſelfe.
Pha. I finde no muſique in theſe boyes
Meg. Nor I.
They can doe little, and that ſmall they doe,
They have not wit to hide.
Di. Serves he the Princeſſe?
Tra. Yes.
Di. Tis a ſweet boy, how brave ſhe keepes him?
Pha. Ladies all good reſt; I meane to kill a Bucke
To morrow morning, ere y'have done your dreames.
Meg. All happineſſe attend your Grace: Gentlemen good reſt,

Come

Come ſhall we to bed?

Gal. Yes, all good night. *Exit* Gall. Meg.

Di. May your dreames be true to you:
What ſhall we doe Gallants? Tis late, the King
Is up ſtill, ſee he comes, a Guard a long
With him.

Enter *King*, *Arethuſa*, *and Guard.*

K. Looke your intelligence be true.

Are. Vpon my life it is: and I doe hope,
Your highneſſe will not tie me to a man,
That in the heate of woing throwes me off,
And takes another.

Di. What ſhould this meane?

K. If it be true,
That Lady had bin better have embrac'd
Cureleſſe diſeaſes; get you to your reſt, *Ex. Are. Bel.*
You ſhall be righted. Gentlemen draw neere,
We ſhall imploy you: Is young *Pharamond*
Come to his lodging?

Di. I ſaw him enter there.

K. Haſt ſome of you, and cunningly diſcover,
If *Megra* be in her lodging.

Cle. Sir,
She parted hence but now with other Ladies.

K. If ſhe be there, we ſhall not need to make
A vaine diſcovery of our ſuſpition.
You gods I ſee, that who unrighteouſly
Holds wealth, or ſtate from others, ſhall be curſt,
In that, which meaner men are bleſt withall:
Ages to come, ſhall know no male of him
Left to inherit: and his name ſhall be
Blotted from earth: If he have any child,
It ſhall be croſſely match'd: the gods themſelves
Shall ſow wild ſtrife betwixt her Lord and her.
Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the ſinne
I have committed, let it not fall
Vpon this underſtanding child of mine

She

She has not broke your Lawes: but how can I,
Looke to be heard of gods, that muſt be juſt,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

Enter *Dion.*

Di. Sir I have asked, and her women ſweare ſhee is within, but they I thinke are bawdes; I told um I muſt ſpeake with her: they laught, and ſaid their Lady lay ſpeechleſſe, I ſaid, my buſineſſe was important, they ſaid their Lady was about it: I grew hot, and cryed, my buſineſſe was a matter, that concern'd life and death; they anſwered, ſo was ſleeping, at which their Lady was; I urg'd againe, ſhee had ſcarce time to bee ſo, ſince laſt I ſaw her; they ſmild againe and ſeem'd to inſtruct me, that ſleeping was nothing but lying downe and winking: Anſwers more direct I could not get: in ſhort ſir I thinke ſhe is not there.

K. Tis then no time to dally: you o'th Guard,
Waite at the backe dore of the Princes lodging.
And ſee that none paſſe thence upon your lives.
Knocke Gentlemen: knocke loud: lowder yet:
What, has their pleaſure taken off their hearing?
I'le breake your meditations: knocke againe:
Not yet? I doe not thinke he ſleepes; having this
Larum by him; once more, *Pharamond*, Prince.

Pharamond above.

Pha. What ſawcy groome knocks at this dead of night?
Where be our waiters? By my vexed ſoule,
He meetes his death, that meetes me for this boldneſſe.

K. Prince you wrong your thoughts, we are your friends,
Come downe.

Pha. The King?

K. The ſame ſir, come downe,
we have cauſe of preſent counſell with you.

Pha. If your Grace pleaſe to uſe me, I'le attend you
To your Chamber. *Pha. below.*

K. No, tis too late Prince, I'le make bold with yours.

Pha. I have ſome private reaſons to my ſelfe,
Makes me unmannerly, and ſay you cannot;

Nay preaſſe not forward Gentle men, he muſt come
Through my life, that comes here. Enter
K. Sir, be reſolv'd I muſt and will come:
Pha. I will not be diſhonor'd:
He that enters, enters upon his death:
Sir, tis a ſigne you make no ſtranger of me,
To bring theſe renegados to my chamber,
At theſe unſeaſond houres.
K. Why doe you
Chafe your ſelfe ſo? you are not wrong'd, nor ſhall be:
Onely I'le ſearch your lodging, for ſome cauſe
To our ſelfe knowne: Enter I ſay.
Pha. I ſay no. *Meg. above.*
Meg. Let um enter Prince,
Let um enter, I am up, and ready: I know their buſineſſe.
Tis the poore breaking of a Ladies honour,
They hunt ſo hotly after: let um enjoy it:
You have your buſineſſe Gentlemen, I lay here.
O my Lord the King, this is not noble in you,
To make publique the weakeneſſe of a woman.
K. Come downe.
Meg. I dare my Lord: your whootings, and your clamors,
Your private whiſpers, and your broad fleerings,
Can no more vex my ſoule, then this baſe carriage,
But I have vengance yet in ſtore for ſome,
Shall in the moſt contempt you can have of me,
Be joy and nouriſhment.
K. will you come downe?
Meg. Yes to laugh at your worſt: but I ſhall wring you
If my skill faile me not.
K. Sir, I muſt dearely chide you for this looſeneſſe,
You have wrong'd a worthy Lady: but no more,
Conduct him to my Lodging, and to bed:
Cle. Get him another wench, and you bring him to bed indeed.
Di. Tis ſtrange a man cannot ride a ſtagge
Or two, to breath himſelfe, without a warrant;
If this geere hold, that lodgings be ſcatch'd thus,

Pray

Pray heaven we may lie with our owne wives in ſafety,
That they be not by ſome tricke of State miſtaken,
Enter with *Megra*.
K. Now Lady of honour wher's your honour now?
No man can fit your pallat, but the Prince.
Thou moſt ill ſhrowded rottenneſſe; thou piece
Made by a Painter and a Pothecary:
Thou troubled ſea of luſt: thou wilderneſſe,
Inhabited by wild thoughts: thou ſwolne clowd
Of Infection: thou ripe Mine of all diſeaſes:
Thou all ſinne, all hell, and laſt, all Divells, Tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your courteſies,
But he that muſt be mine, and wrong my daughter.
By all the gods, all theſe, and all the Pages,
And all the Court, ſhall hoote thee through the Court,
Fling rotten Oranges, make ribal'd rimes,
And ſcare thy name with candles upon walls:
Doe you laugh Lady Venus?
Meg. Faith ſir, you muſt pardon me;
I cannot chuſe but laugh to ſee you merry
If you doe this. O King: nay, if you dare doe it;
By all thoſe gods you ſwore by, and as many
More of my owne: I will have fellowes, and ſuch
Fellowes in it, as ſhall make noble mirth:
The Princeſſe your deare daughter, ſhall ſtand by me
On walls, and ſung in ballads, any thing:
Vrge me no more, I know her, and her haunts,
Her layes, leaps, and outlayes, and will diſcover all;
Nay will diſhonour her. I know the boy
She keepes, a hanſome boy: about eighteene:
Know what ſhe does with him, where, and when
Come ſir, you put me to a womans madneſſe.
The glory of a fury: and if I doe not
Doe it to the hight?
K. What boy is this ſhe raves at?
Meg. Alas, good minded Prince, you know not theſe things;
I am loth to reveale um. Keepe this fault

As you would keepe your health from the hot aire
Of the corrupted people, or by heaven,
I will not fall alone: what I have knowne,
Shall be as publique as a print: all tongues
Shall speake it as they doe the language they
Are borne in, as free and commonly; I'le set it
Like a prodigious starre for all to gaze at,
And so high and glowing: that other Kingdomes far and forraigne,
Shall read it there: nay travaile with it, till they finde
No tongue to make it more, nor no more people;
And then behold the fall of your faire Princesse.

K. Has she a boy.

Cle. So please your Grace I have seene a boy waite
On her, a faire boy.

K. Goe, get you to your quarter:
For this time I'le study to forget you.

Meg. Doe you study to forget me, and I'le study
To forget you.

Ex. K. Meg. Guard.

Cle. Why here's a male spirit for *Hercules*, if ever there bee nine worthies of women, this wench shall ride astride, and be their Captaine.

Di. Sure shee has a garrison of Divells in her tongue, shee uttered such balls of wild-fire. She has so netled the King, that all the Doctors in the countrie will scarce cure him. That boy was a strange found out antidote to cure her infection: that boy, that Princesse boy: that brave chaste, vertuous Ladies boy: and a faire boy, a well spoken boy: All these considered, can make nothing else---but there I leave you Gentlemen.

Tra. Nay, weele goe wander with you. *Exeunt*

Actus 3. Scæna 1.

Enter *Cle. Di. Tra.*

Cle. Nay, doubtlesse tis true.

Di. I, and tis the gods

That

That raiſde this puniſhment to ſcourge the King
With his owne iſſue: Is it not a ſhame
For us, that ſhould write noble in the land;
For us, that ſhould be free men, to behold
A man, that is the bravery of his age,
Philaſter: preſt downe from his royall right,
By this regardleſſe King; and onely looke,
And ſee the Scepter ready to be caſt
Into the hands of that Laſciuious Lady,
That lives in luſt with a ſmooth boy, now to be
Maried to yon ſtrange Prince; who, but that people
Pleaſe to let him be a Prince, is borne a ſlave,
In that which ſhould be his moſt noble part:
His minde.

Tra. That man that would not ſtirre with you,
To, ayde *Philaſter*, let the gods forget,
That ſuch a creature walkes vpon the earth.

Cle. *Philaſter* is too backward in't himſelfe;
The Gentry doe a waite it; and the people
Againſt their nature are all bent for him,
And like a feild of ſtanding corne, that's mov'd
With a ſtiffe gale; their heads bow all one way.

Di. The onely cauſe that drawes *Philaſter* backe,
From this attempt, is the faire Princes love,
Which he admires, and we can now confute.

Tra. Perhaps he'le not beleeve it.

Di. Why Gentlemen, tis without queſtion ſo.

Cle. I tis paſt ſpeech, ſhe lives diſhoneſtly.
But how ſhall we, if he be curious, worke
Vpon his faith.

Tra. We all are ſatisfied within our ſelves.

Di. Since it is true, and tends to his owne good,
I'le make this new report to be my knowledge,
I'le ſay I know it, nay, I'le ſware I ſaw it.

Cle. It will be beſt. Enter *Philaſt.*

Tra. Twill move him.

Di. Here he comes: Good morrow to your honor,

We have ſpent ſome time in ſeeking you.
Phi. My worthy friends,
You that can keepe your memories, to know
Your friend in miſeries, and cannot frowne,
On men diſgrac'd for vertue: A good day
Attend you all. What ſervice may I doe
Worthy your acceptation?
Di. My good Lord,
We come to urge that vertue which we know
Lives in your breaſt, forth, riſe, and make a head,
The Nobles, and the people are all dull'd
With this uſurping King; and not a man
That ever heard the word, or knew ſuch a thing
As Vertue, but will ſecond your attempts.
Phi. How honorable is this love in you.
To me that have deſeru'd none? Know my friends
(You that were borne to ſhame your poore *Philaſter*,
With too much courteſie) I could afford
To melt my ſelfe in thankes: but my deſignes
Are not yet ripe, ſuffice it, that ere long
I ſhall imploy your loves: but yet the time
Is ſhort of what I would.
Di. The time is fuller ſir, then you expect
That which hereafter, will not perhaps be reach'd
By violence, may now be caught: As for the King
You know the people have long hated him:
But now the Princeſſe, whom they lov'd.
Phi. Why, what of her?
Di. Is loath'd as much as he.
Phi. By what ſtrange meanes?
Di. She's knowne a whore.
Phi. Thou lieſt.
Di. My Lord——
Phi. Thou lieſt. *Offers to draw, and is held.*
And thou ſhalt feele it; I had thought thy minde
Had beene of honor; thus to rob a Lady
Of her good name, is an infectious ſinne,

Not to be pardon'd; be it falſe as hell,
T'willn ever be redeem'd, if it be ſowne
Amongſt the people, fruitfull to increaſe
All evill they ſhall heare. Let me alone,
That I may cut off falſhood, whilſt it ſprings:
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That utters this, and I will ſcale them all,
And from the vtmoſt top fall on his necke,
Like thunder from a cloud.

Di. This is moſt ſtrange;
Sure he does love her.

Phi. I doe love faire truth:
She is my Miſtriſſe, and who iniures her,
Drawes vengeance from me. Sirs, let goe my armes.

Tra. Nay, good my Lord be patient.

Cle. Sir, remember this is your honor'd friend,
That comes to doe his ſervice, and will ſhew you
Why he vtter'd this.

Phi. I aske you pardon ſir;
My zeale to truth made me vnmannerly:
Should I have heard diſhonour ſpoke of you,
Behind your backe untruely, I had beene
As much diſtemperd, and enrag'd as now.

Di. But this my Lord, is truth.

Phi. O ſay not ſo, good ſir ſo beare to ſay ſo,
Tis thee truth that all woman-kind is falſe;
Vrge it no more, it is impoſſible;
Why ſhould you thinke the Princeſſe light?

Di. Why, ſhee was taken at it.

Phi. Tis falſe, O heav'n tis falſe: it cannot be;
Can it? Speake Gentlemen, for love of truth ſpeake;
Iſt poſſible? can women all be damn'd?

Di. Why no, my Lord.

Phi. Why then it cannot be.

Di. And ſhe was taken with her boy.

Phi What boy?

Di. A Page, a boy that ſerves her.

Phi. Oh good gods, a little boy?
Di. I, know you him my Lord?
Phi. Hell and sinne, know him? sir, you are deceiv'd:
I'le reason it a little coldly with you;
If she were lustfull, would she take a boy,
That knowes not yet desire? she would have one
Should meete her thoughts, and knowes the sinne he Acts,
Which is the great delight of wickednesse:
You are abusd, and so is she, and I.
Di. How you, my Lord?
Phi. Why all the world's abusde,
In an uniust report.
Dio. Oh, noble sir, your vertues
Cannot looke into the subtle thoughts of woman:
In short my Lord, I tooke them: I my selfe.
Phi. Now all the divels thou didst, flie from my rage,
Would thou hadst taen divels ingendring plagues,
When thou didst take them; hide thee from my eyes,
Would thou hadst taken thunder on thy breast,
When thou didst take them, or bin strucken dumbe
For ever: that this foule deed might have slept
In silence.
Tra. Have you knowne him so ill temperd?
Cle. Never before.
Phi. The winds that are let loose,
From the foure severall corners of the earth,
And spread themselves all over sea and land,
Kisse not a chaste one. What friend beares a sword
To runne me through?
Di. Why, my Lord, are you so mou'd at this?
Phi. When any fall from vertue I am distract,
I have an intrest in't.
Di. But good my Lord recall your selfe,
And thinke what's best to be done.
Phi. I thanke you, I will do it:
Please you to leave me, I'le consider of it;
To morrow I will finde your lodging forth,

And give you answer?

Di. All the gods direct you
The readiest way.

Tra. He was extreame impatient.

Cle. It was his vertue, and his noble minde.

Exit Di. Cle. Tra.

Phi. I had forgot to aske him where he tooke them.
Ile follow him. O that I had a sea
Whithin my breſt, to quench the fire I feele;
More circumſtances will but fan this fire:
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This deede is done, then ſimply that tis done:
And he that tells me this, is honourable,
As farre from lies, as ſhe is farre from truth:
O that like beaſts, we could not grieve our ſelves,
With that we ſee not; Bulls and Rammes will fight,
To keepe their females, ſtanding in their ſight;
But take um from them, and you take at once
Their ſpleenes away; and they will fall againe
Vnto their paſtures, growing freſh and fat,
And taſt the waters of the ſprings as ſweet,
As twas before; finding no ſtart in ſleepe.
But miſerable man! See, ſee you gods, Enter *Bellario*.
He walkes ſtill; and the face you let him weare
When he was innocent, is ſtill the ſame,
Not blaſted; is this Iuſtice? Doe you meane
To intrap mortality, that you allow
Treaſon ſo ſmooth a brow? I cannot now
Thinke he is guilty.

Bell. Health to you my Lord:
The Princeſſe doth commend her love, her life,
And this unto you.

Phi. Oh *Bellario*:
Now I perceive ſhe loves me; ſhe does ſhew it
In loving thee my boy, ſhe has made thee brave.

Bell. My Lord, ſhe has attir'd me paſt my wiſh,

Past my desert; more fit for her attendant,
Though farre unfit for me, who do attend.

Phi. Thou art growne courtly boy. Oh let all women
That love blacke deeds, learne to dissemble here,
Here, by this paper, she does write to me,
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides, but unto me,
A maiden snow that melted with my lookes,
Tell me my boy how doth the Princesse use thee?
For I shall guesse her love to me by that.

Bell. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something allyed to her; Or had preserv'd
Her life three times by my fidelity,
As mothers fond doe use their onely sonnes:
As I do use one, that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay, if he met harme,
Soe she does use me.

Phi. Why this is wondrous well:
But what kind language does she feed thee with?

Bell. Why, she does tell me, she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets, and does promise
Her pretty servant, bids me weepe no more
For leaving you: shee'l see my services
Regarded; and such words of that soft straine,
That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Then ere she spake.

Phi. This is much better still.

Bell. Are you not ill my Lord?

Phi. Ill? No *Bellario*.

Bell. Me thinks your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your lookes that quietnesse,
That I was wont to see.

Phi. Thou art deceiv'd boy:
And she strokes thy head?

Bell. Yes.

Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks?

Bell. She does my Lord.

Phi. And she does kisse thee boy? ha?

Bell. How my Lord?

Phi. She kisses thee?

Bell. Not so my Lord.

Phi. Come come I know she does.

Bell. No, by my life.

Phi. Why then she does not love me; come, she does,
I bad her do it: I charg'd her by all charmes
Of love betweene us, by the hope of peace
We should enjoy, to yeeld thee all delights
Naked, as to her bed: I tooke her oath
Thou shouldst enjoy her. Tell me gentle boy,
Is she not parallesse? Is not her breath,
Sweete as *Arabian* winds, when fruits are ripe?
Are not her breasts two liquid Ivory balls?
Is she not all, a lasting Mine of joy?

Bell. I, now I see, why my disturbed thoughts
Were so perplext. When first I went to her
My heart held augury: you are abusde,
Some villaine has abusde you: I do see
Whereto you tend: fall rocks upon his head,
That put this to you: 'tis some subtle traine,
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.

Phi. Thou thinkst I will be angry with thee: Come
Thou shalt know all my drift; I hate her more,
Then I love happinesse, and plac'd thee there,
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds:
Hast thou discover'd; Is she false to lust,
As I would wish her? Speake some comfort to me.

Bell. My Lord, you did mistake the boy you sent:
Had she the lust of Sparrowes, or of Goates;
Had she a sinne that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid
Her base desires: but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveale,
To make my life last ages.

Phi. Oh my heart:
This is a salue worse then the maine disease.
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it; I will see thy thoughts as plaine
As I doe now thy face.
Bell. Why so you doe.
She is (for ought I know) by all the gods,
As chast as Ice: but were she foule as hell,
And I did know it, thus: the breath of Kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of Brasse,
Should draw it from me.
Phi. Then tis no time to dally with thee;
I will take thy life, for I doe hate thee:
I could curse thee now.
Bell. If you doe hate, you could not curse me worse:
The gods have not a punishment in store,
Greater for me, than is your hate.
Phi. Fie, fie, so young and so dissembling:
Tell me when, and where, thou didst enjoy her,
Or let plagues fall on me, if I spare thee not.
Bell. Heaven knowes I never did: and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loath'd;
Hew me asunder, and whilst I can thinke,
Ile love those pieces you have cut away
Better then those that grow: and kisse those limbes,
Because you made um so.
Phi. feareſt thou not death?
Can boyes contemne that?
Bel. Oh, what boy is he,
Can be content to liue to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason?
Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know what tis to die.
Bell. Yes, I doe know my Lord: I know what
Tis lesse then to be borne; a lasting sleepe,
A quiet resting from all jealousie:

A thing we all purſue: I know beſides,
It is but giving over of a game,
That muſt be loſt.

Phi. But there are paines, falſe boy,
For perjurd ſoules: thinke but on theſe, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

Bell. May they fall all upon me whilſt I live,
If I be perjur'd or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with; If I be falſe,
Send me to ſuffer in thoſe puniſhments
You ſpeake of: kill me.

Phi. Oh, what ſhould I doe?
Why, who can but beleeve him? He does ſweare
So earneſtly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Riſe *Bellario*,
Thy proteſtations are ſo deepe; and thou
Doeſt looke ſo truely, when thou uttereſt them,
That though I know um falſe, as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further; but thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I muſt love
Thy honeſt lookes, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth: A love from me to thee
Is firme, what ere thou doſt: It troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did ſo well become thee: But good boy
Let me not ſee thee more: ſomething is done,
That will diſtract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee: if thou tender'ſt me,
Let me not ſee thee.

Bell. I will flye as farre
As there is morning, ere I give diſtate
To that moſt honour'd mind. But through theſe teares
Shed at my hopeleſſe parting, I can ſee
A world of treaſon practiſ'd upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell for evermore;
If you ſhall heare, that ſorrow ſtrucke me dead,
And after finde me loyall, let there be

A teare ſhed from you, in my memory,
And I ſhall reſt at peace *Exit Bell.*
Phi. Bleſſing be with thee,
What ever thou deſerv'ſt. Oh, where ſhall I
Goe bath this body? Nature too unkind,
That made no medicine for a troubled mind. *Exit Phi.*

Enter Arethuſa.

Are. I marvaile my boy comes not backe againe;
But that I know my love will queſtion him,
Over and over; how I ſlept, wak'd, talk'd;
How I remembred him when his deare name
Was laſt ſpoke, and how, when I ſighd, wept, ſung,
And ten thouſand ſuch: I ſhould be angry
At his ſtay

Enter King.

K. What, at your meditations? who attends you?
Are. None but my ſingle ſelfe, I need no guards
I doe no wrong, nor feare none.
K. Tell me: have you not a boy?
Are. Yes ſir.
K. What kind of boy?
Are. A Page, a waiting boy.
K. A handſome boy?
Are. I thinke he be not vgly:
Well quallified, and dutifull, I know him,
I tooke him not for beauty.
K. He ſpeaks, and ſings, and playes?
Are. Yes ſir.
K. About eighteene?
Are. I never ask'd his age.
K. Is he full of ſervice?
Are. By your pardon, why doe you aske?
K. Put him away.
Are. Sir.
K. Put him away, has done you that good ſervice
Shames me to ſpeake of.
Are. Good ſir let me underſtand you.

K. If you feare me,
Shew it in duty; put away that boy.
Are. Let me have reason for it sir, and then
Your will is my command.
K. Doe not you blush to aske it? Cast him off,
Or I shall doe the same to you. Y'are one
Shame with me, and so neare unto my selfe,
That by my life, I dare not tell my selfe,
What you, my selfe have done.
Are. What have I done, my Lord?
K. Tis a new language, that all love to learne
The common people speake it well already,
They need no Grammar; understand me well,
There be foule whispers stirring: cast him off,
And sodainly; doe it: Farewell. *Exit King.*
Are. Where may a maiden live securely free,
Keeping her honour safe? Not with the living,
They feed upon opinions, errours, dreames,
And make um truths: they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces,
And when they see a vertue fortified,
Strongly aboue the battry of their tongues;
Oh, how they cast to sinke it: and defeated
(Soule sicke with poyson) strike the Monuments
Where noble names lie sleeping: till they sweat,
And the cold Marble melt.

Enter *Philaster.*

Phi. Peace to your faireſt thoughts, deareſt Mistrisse.
Are. Oh, my deareſt servant, I have a war within me.
Phi. He must be more then man, that makes these Christalls
Run into rivers: sweetest faire, the cause:
And as I am your slave, tied to your goodnesse,
Your creature made againe from what I was,
And newly spirited: Ile right your honour.
Are. Oh, my best love: that boy!
Phi What boy?
Are: The pretty boy you gave me.

Phi. What of him?

Are. Muſt be no more mine.

Phi. Why?

Are. They are jealous of him.

Phi. Iealous, who?

Are. The King.

Phi. Oh my fortune,
Then tis no idle jealouſie. Let him goe.

Are. Oh cruell, are you hard hearted too?
Who ſhall now tell you, how much I loved you?
Who ſhall ſweare it to you, and weepe the teares I ſend?
Who ſhall now bring you letters, rings, bracelets?
Looſe his health in ſervice? Wake tedious nights
In ſtories of your praiſe? Who ſhall ſing
Your crying Elegies? And ſtrike a dull ſoule
Into ſenſeleſſe pictures, and make them mourne?
Who ſhall take up his lute, and touch it, till
He crowne a ſilent ſleepe upon my eye-lide,
Making me dreame, and cry, Oh my deare,
Deare *Philaſt.*

Phi. Oh my heart?
Would he had broken thee, that made thee know
This Lady was not loyall. Miſtriſſe, forget
The boy, Ile get thee a farre better.

Are. Oh never, never ſuch a boy againe,
As my *Bellario.*

Bell. Tis but your fond affection.

Are. With thee my boy, farewell for ever,
All ſecrecy in ſervants: farewell faith,
And all deſire to doe well for it ſelfe:
Let all that ſhall ſucceed thee, for thy wrongs,
Sell, and betray chaſt love.

Phi. And all this paſſion for a boy?

Are. He was your boy, and you put him to me,
And the loſſe of ſuch, muſt have a mourning for.

Phi. O thou forgetfull woman.

Are. How, my Lord?

Phi. False *Arethusa*!
Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,
When I have lost um? If not, leave to talke,
And doe thus.

Are. Doe what sir? would you sleepe?

Phi. For ever *Arethusa*. Oh you gods,
Give me a worthy patience. Have I stood
Naked, alone, the shocke of many fortunes?
Have I seene mischiefes numberlesse, and mighty?
Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as sterne as death into my bosome,
And laught upon it, made it but a mirth,
And flung it by? Doe I live now like him,
Vnder this tyrant King, that languishing
Heares his sad bell, and sees his mourners? Doe I
Beare all this bravely? and must sinke at length
Vnder a womans falshood? Oh that boy,
That curs'd boy? None but a villaine boy,
To ease your lust?

Are. Nay, then I am betrayd,
I feele the plot cast for my overthrow
Oh I am wretched.

Phi. Now you may take that little right I have
To this poore Kingdome: give it to your boy,
For I have no joy in it. Some farre place,
Where never woman kind durst set her foote,
For bursting with her poisons, must I feede,
And live to curse you: There dig a Cave, and preach to birds, and beasts,
What woman is, and helpe to save them from you.
How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts
More hell then hell has: how your tongues like Scorpions,
Both heale and poyson: how your thoughts are woven
With thousand changes in one subtle webbe,
And worne so by you. How that foolish man,
That reades the story of a womans face,
And dies beleeving it, is lost for ever.

How all the good you have, is but a shaddow,
I'th morning with you, and at night behind you,
Past and forgotten. How your vowes are frosty,
Fast for a night, and with the next Sun gone.
How you are, being taken all together,
A mere confusion, and so dead a *Chaos*,
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts
Till my last houre, I am bound to utter of you:
So farewell all my woe, all my delight. *Exit* Phi.

Are. Be mercifull ye gods, and strike me dead:
What way have I deserv'd this? Make my breast
Transparent as pure Christall, that the world
Ielous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turne her eyes,
To finde our constancy? Save me, how blacke *Enter Bell.*
And guilty (me thinkes) that boy lookes now?
Oh thou dissembler, that before thou spakst,
Wert in thy cradle false! sent to make lies,
And betray innocents: thy Lord and thou,
May glory in the ashes of a maid
Foold by her Passion: but the conquest is,
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away,
Let my command force thee to that, which shame
Would doe without it, if thou understoodst
The loathed office thou hast undergone,
Why thou wouldst hide thee under heapes of hills,
Lest men should dig and finde thee.

Bell. Oh what god,
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds? Madam this griefe
You adde unto me, is no more then drops
To seas, for which I am not sensible.
My Lord hath struck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future joyes,
You need not bid me fly, I came to part,
To take my latest leave. Farewell forever.
I durst not runne away in honestly,

From

From ſuch a Lady, like a boy that ſtole,
Or made ſome grievous fault: the power of gods
Aſſiſt you in your ſufferings: haſty time
Reveale the truth to your abuſed Lord,
And mine: That he may know your worth: whilſt I
Goe ſeeke out ſome forgotten place to die *Exit Bell.*

Are. Peace guide thee: tha'ſt overthrowne me once,
Yet if I had another *Troy* to loſe
Thou, or another villaine with thy lookes,
Might talke me out of it, and ſend me naked,
My haire diſhevel'd through the fiery ſtreetes?

Enter a Lady.

La. Madam, the King would hunt, and calls for you
With earneſtneſſe.

Are. I am in tune to hunt:
Diana if thou canſt rage with a maid,
As with a man, let me diſcover thee
Bathing, and turne me to a fearefull Hinde,
That I may die purſued by cruell hounds,
And have my ſtory written in my wounds.

Exeunt

Actus 4. Scæna 1.

Enter *King, Pharamond, Arethuſa, Gallatea, Megra, Dion, Cleremont, Traſilin,* and attendants.

K. What are the hounds before, and all the woodmen?
Our horſes ready, and our bowes bent.

Di. all ſir.

K. Y'are clowdy ſir, come we have forgotten
Your veniall treſpaſſe; let not that ſit heavy
Vpon your ſpirit; none dare utter it.

Di. He lookes like and old ſurfeited ſtallion after his leaping, dull as a Dormouſe: ſee how he ſinks, ſs the wench has ſhot him betweene wind and water, and I hope ſprung a leake.

Tra. He needs no teaching, he strikes sure enough: his greatest fault is, he hunts too much in the purlues; would he would leave off poaching.

Di. And for his horne, has left it at the lodge where he lay late: Oh, hee's a pretious lyme-hound, turne him loose upon the pursuite of a lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i'th slip. When my fox-bitch Bewty growes proud, I'le borrow him.

K. Is your boy turn'd away?

Are. You did command sir, and I obeyed you.

K. Tis well done: Harke ye further.

Cle. Is't possible this fellow should repent? Mee thinkes that were not noble in him: and yet he lookes like a mortified member, as if he had a sicke mans salve in's mouth. If a worse man had done this fault now, some physicall Iustice or other, would presently (without the helpe of an Almanacke) have opened the obstructions of his liver, and let him blood with a dogge-whippe.

Di. See, see, how modestly yon Lady lookes, as if she came from Churching with her neighbour: why, what a divel can a man see in her face, but that shee's honest?

Phi. Troth no great matter to speake of, a fooliſh twinckling with the eye, that spoiles her coate; but he must be a cunning Harald that findes it.

Di. See how they muster one another! O theres a ranke Regiment, where the Divell carries the Colours, and his Dam Drum-major. Now the world and the flesh come behind with the Carriage.

Cle. Sure this Lady has a good turne done her against her will: before, she was common talke, now none dare say, Cantharides can stirre her, Her face lookes like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answere it, to be tied up and bolted when this Lady meanes to let her selfe loose. As I live, she has got her a goodly protection, and a gracious, and may use her body discreetly, for her health sake, once a weeke, excepting Lent and Dog-dayes: oh if they were to be got for money, what a great summe would come out of the City for these licenses.

K. To horse, to horse, we loose the morning Gentlemen.

Exeunt

Enter.

Enter two Woodmen.

1 *Wood.* What, have you lodged the Deere?

2 *Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the bow.

1 *Wood.* Who shootes?

2 *Wood.* The Princesse.

1 *Wood.* No, shee'l hunt.

2 *Wood.* S ee'l take a stand I say.

1 *Wood.* Who else?

2 *Wood.* Why, the young stranger Prince.

1 *Wood.* He shall shoote in a stone bow for me. I never lov'd his beyond sea-ship, since he forsooke the say, for paying ten shillings: he was there at the fall of a Deere, and would needes (out of his mightinesse) give ten groats for the Dowcets: marry the steward would have the velvet head into the bargaine, to turfe his hat withall: I thinke he should love venery, he is an old sir *Tristram*, for if you be remembred, he forsooke the Stagge once, to strike a rascall milking in a medow, and her he kild in the eye. Who shootes else?

2 *Wood.* The Lady *Gallatea.*

1 *Wood* That's a good wench, and she would not chide us for tumbling of her woman in the brakes. Shee's liberall, and by my Bowe they say shee's honest, and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to doe. There's all?

2 *Wood* No, one more *Megra.*

1 *Wood.* That's a firker I faith boy: There's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennell of hounds, as a hunting saddle, and when she comes home, get um clapt, and all is well againe. I have knowne her lose her selfe three times in one afternoone (if the woods haue beene answerable) and it has beene worke enough for one man to finde her, and he has sweat for it. She rides well, and she payes well. Harke, let's goe. *Exeunt*

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Oh, that I had beene nourished in these woods,
With milke of Goates, and Akrons, and not knowne
The right of Crownes, nor the dissembling traines
Of womens lookes: but dig'd my selfe a Cave,
Where I, my fire, my Cattell, and my bed,
Might have beene shut together in one shed:

And then had taken me ſome mountaine girle,
Beaten with winds, chaſt as the hardened rockes
Whereon ſhe dwells: that might have ſtrewed my bed
With leaves, and reedes, and with the skinnes of beaſts
Our neighbours: And have borne at her big breaſts
My large courſe iſſue. This had beene a life
Free from vexation.

Enter Bellario.

Bell. Oh wicked men!
An innocent may walke ſafe among beaſts,
Nothing aſſaults me here. See, my griev'd Lord,
Sits as his ſoule were ſearching out a way,
To leave his body. Pardon me that muſt
Breake thy laſt command-ment; For I muſt ſpeake:
You that are griev'd can pitty: heare my Lord,
Phi. Is there a creature yet ſo miſerable,
That I can pitty?
Bell. On my noble Lord,
View my ſtrange fortune, and beſtow on me,
According to your bounty (if my ſervice
Can merit nothing) ſo much as may ſerve
To keepe that little piece I hold of life,
From cold and hunger.
Phi. Is it thou? be gone:
Goe ſell thoſe misbeſeeming clothes thou weareſt,
And feed thy ſelfe with them.
Bell. Alas, my Lord, I can get nothing for them:
The ſilly Country people thinke tis treaſon,
To touch ſuch gay things,
Phi. Now by my life this is
Vnkindly done, to vexe me with thy ſight;
Th'art ſalne againe to thy diſſembling trade:
How ſhouldſt thou thinke to cozen me againe?
Remaines there yet a plague untride for me.
Even ſo thou wepſt, and ſpokſt, when firſt
I tooke thee up: curſe on the time. If thy
Commanding teares can worke on any other,

Vſe thy art, Ile not betray it. Which way
Wilt thou take, that I may ſhune thee:
For thine eyes are poyſon to mine; and I
Am loth to grow in rage. This way, or that way?

Bell. Any will ſerve, but I will chuſe to have
That path in chaſe, that leades unto my grave.

Exit Phi. Bell. ſeverally.

Enter Dion and the Woodmen.

Di. This is the ſtrangeſt ſudden chance! You Woodman.

1 *Wood.* My Lord *Don.*

Di. Saw you a Lady come this way, on a ſable horſe ſtudded with ſtarres of white?

2 *Wood.* Was ſhe not young and tall?

Di. Yes: Rode ſhe to the wood, or to the plaine?

2 *Wood:* Faith my Lord, we ſaw none. *Exit Woodmen.*

Enter Clerement.

Di: Poxe of your queſtions then. What, is ſhe found?

Cle, Nor will be I thinke:

Di. Let him ſeeke his daughter himſelfe: ſhe cannot ſtay about a litle neceſſary naturall buyſineſſe, but the whole Court muſt be in Armes: when ſhe has done, we ſhall have peace.

Cle. Theres already a thouſand fatherleſſe tales amongſt vs: ſome ſay her horſe ranaway with her: ſome, a Wolfe perſued her: others, it was a plot to kill her: and that armed men were ſeene in the Wood; but queſtionleſſe, ſhe rode away willingly.

Enter King, and Trafilint.

K. Where is ſhe?

Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.

K. How is that? anſwer me ſo againe.

Cle. Sir, ſhall I lie?

K. Yes, lie and damne, rather then tell me that:
I ſay againe, where is ſhe? Mutter not:
Sir, ſpeake you, where is ſhe?

Di. Sir, I doe not know.

K. Speake that againe ſo boldly, and by heaven,
It is thy laſt. You fellowes, anſwer me,
Where is ſhe? Marke me all, I am your King.

I wish to see my daughter, shew her me:
I doe command you all, as you are subjects,
To shew her me, what am I not your King?
If I, then am I not to be obeyed?

Di. Yes, if you command things possible, and honest.

K. Things possible and honest? Here me, thou,
Thou traytor, that dar'st confine thy King to things
Possible and honest; shew her me,
Or let me perish, if I cover not
All *Cicily* with bloud.

Di. Indeed I cannot, unlesse you tell me where she is.

K. You have betray'd me, y'have let me lose
The Iewell of my life: goe, bring her me,
And set her here before me: tis the King
Will have it so, whose breath can still the Winds,
Vnclowd the Sunne, charme downe the swelling Sea,
And stop the flouds of heaven: speake, can it not.

Di. No.

K. No? Cannot the breath of Kings doe this?

Di. No, nor smell sweete it selfe, if once the lungs
Be but corrupted.

K. Is it so? Take heed.

Di. Sir, take you heed, how you dare the powers
That must be just.

K. Alas, what are we Kings?
Why doe you gods place us above the rest;
To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we
Beleeve we hold within our hands your thunder.
And when we come to trie the power we have,
There's not a leafe shakes at our threatnings.
I have find' tis true, and here stand to be punish'd,
Yet would not thus be punish'd, let me chuse
My way, and lay it on.

Di. He articles with the gods; would some body would draw bonds, for the performance of covenants betwixt them.

Enter Pha, *Galatea, and Megra*

K. What, is she found,

Pha

Pha. No, we have tane her horſe,
He gallopt empty by: there's ſome treaſon:
You *Gallatea* rode with her into the wood;
Why left you her?

Gal. She did command me:

K. Command! you ſhould not.

Gal. T'would ill become my fortunes, and my birth
To diſobey, the daughter of my King.

K. Y'are all cunning! to obey us for our hurt,
But I will have her.

Pha. If I have her not,
By this hand there ſhall be no more *Cicelie.*

Di. What, will he carry it to *Spaine* in's poket?

Pha. I will not leave one man a live, but the King,
A Cooke, and a Taylor.

Di. Yet you may doe well to ſpare your Lady bedfellow, and her you may keepe for a ſpawner.

K. I ſee the injuries I have done muſt be reveng'd

Di. Sir, this is not the way to finde her out.

K. Run all, diſperſe your ſelves: the man that findes her.
Or (if ſhe be kild) the traytor, I'le make him great.

Di. I know ſome would giue five thouſand pounds to finde her,

Pha. Come let us ſeeke.

K. Each man a ſeverall way, here I my ſelfe.

Di. Come Gentlemen, we here.

Cle. Lady, you muſt goe ſearch too.

Meg. I had rather be ſearch'd my ſelfe. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter *Arethuſa.*

Are. Where am I now? Feete, finde me out away,
Without the councell of my troubled head,
I'le follow you boldly about theſe woods,
O're mountaines, thorough brambles, pits, and flouds;
Heaven I hope will eaſe me I am ſicke.

Enter *Bellario.*

Bell. Yonder's my Lady: Heaven knowes I want nothing,
Becauſe I doe not wiſh to live; yet I
Will try her charity. O heare, you that have plenty,

From that flowing ſtore, drop ſome on dry ground: ſee,
The lively red is gone to guard her heart:
I feare ſhe faints: Madam looke vp ſhe breaths not:
Open once more thoſe roſie twins, and ſend
Vnto my Lord, your lateſt farewell: Oh, ſhe ſtirres:
How is it Madam? Speake comfort.

Are. Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miſerable life,
And hold me there: I prey thee let me goe,
I ſhall doe beſt without thee: I am well.

Enter Philaſter.

Phi. I am to blame to be ſo much in rage,
Ile tell her coolely, when and where, I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In ſpeaking, and as iuſt in hearing.
Oh monſtrous! Tempt me not you gods, good gods
Tempt not a fraile man, what's he, that has a heart,
But he muſt eaſe it here?

Bell. My Lord, helpe, the Princeſſe.

Are. I am well, forbeare.

Phi. Let me love lightning, let me be embra'd
And kiſt by Scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of Baſilisks, rather then truſt to tongues:
And ſhrinke theſe veines vp: ſticke me here a ſtone
Laſting to ages, in the memory
Of this damn'd act. Heare me you wicked ones,
You have put hills of fire into this breaſt,
Not to be quench'd with teares: for which may guilt
Sit on your boſomes; at your meales, and beds,
Diſpaire await you: what, before my face?
Poyſon of Aſpes betweene your lips: Diſeaſes
Be your beſt iſſues: Nature makes a curſe,
And throw it on you.

Are. Deare *Philaſter*, leave
To be enrag'd, and heare me.

Phi. I have done;

Forgive

Forgive my passion, not the calmed sea,
When *Eolus* looks vp his windy brood,
Is lesse disturb'd then I, Ile make you know it.
Deare *Arethusa*, doe but take this sword,
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you, and this your boy, may live and raigne
In lust without controle: Wilt thou *Bellario*?
I prethee kill me: thou art poore, and mayst
Nourish ambitious thoughts: when I am dead,
This way were freer. ? Am I raging now?
If I were mad I should desire to live;
Sirs, feele my pulse; whether have you knowne
A man in a more equall tune to die?
Bell. Alas my Lord, your pulse keepes madmans time,
So does your tongue.
Phi. You will not kill me then?
Are. Kill you?
Bell. Not for a world.
Phi. I blame not thee,
Bellario: thou hast done but that, which gods
Would have transformed themselves to doe: be gone,
Leave me without reply: this is the last
Of all our meeting. Kill me with this sword;
Be wise, or worse will follow: we are two
Earth cannot beare at once. Resolve to doe,
Or suffer.
Are. If my fortune be so good, to let me fall
Vpon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
No Iealousie in the other world, no ill there?
Phi. No.
Are. Shew me then the way.
Phi. Then guide
My feeble hand, you that have power to doe it,
For I must performe a peece of Iustice. If your youth
Have any way offended heaven, let prayers
Short and effectuall reconcile you to it.

Are. I am prepared. *Enter a Country fellow.*

Coun. I'le ſee the King, if he be in the forreſt, I have hunted him theſe two houre: if I ſhould come home and not ſee him, my ſiſters would laugh at me: I can ſee nothing but people better horſt then my ſelfe, that out ride me; I can heare nothing but ſhowting. Theſe Kings had neede of good braines, this whooping is able to put a meane man out of his wits. Ther's a Courtier with his ſword drawne, by this hand vpon a woman, I thinke.

Phil. Are you at peace?

Are. With heaven and earth.

Phi. May they divide thy ſoule and body?

Count. Hold daſtard, ſtrike a woman! th' art a craven I warrant thee, thou wouldeſt be loth to play halfe a dozen of venies at waſters with a good fellow for a broken head.

Pha. Leave vs good friend.

Are. What ill bred man art thou, to intrude thy ſelfe
Vpon our private ſports, our recreations.

Count. God vds, I vnderſtand you not, but I know the rogue has hurt you.

Phi. Purſue thy owne affaires; it will be ill
To multiply bloud vpon my head:
Which thou wilt force me to.

Coun. I know not your Rhetoricke, but I can lay it on if you touch the woman. *They fight.*

Phi. Slave, take what thou deſerveſt.

Are. Heavens guard my Lord.

Coun. Oh, doe you breath?

Phi. I heare the tread of people: I am hurt,
The gods take part againſt me, could this Boore
Have held me thus elſe? I muſt ſhift for life,
Though I doe loath it. I would finde a courſe,
To loſe it, rather by my will then force. *Exit Philaſter.*

Coun. I cannot follow the rogue: I pray thee wench come and kiſſe me now.

Enter Phara, Dion, Cle, Traſ. and Woodmen.

Pha. What art thou?

Coun

Coun. Almost kild I am for a foolish woman; a knave has hurt her.

Pha. The Princesse Gentlemen! Where's the wound Madam? Is it dangerous?

Are He has not hurt me.

Coun. I faith she lies, has hurt her in the breast, looke else.

Pha. O sacred spring of innocent bloud.

Di. Tis a bove wonder! who should dare this?

Are. I felt it not.

Pha. Speake villaine who has hurt the Princesse?

Coun. Is it the Princesse?

Di. I.

Coun. Then I have seene something yet.

Pha. But who has hurt her?

Coun. I told you a rogue I ne're saw him before, I.

Pha. Madam who did it?

Are. Some dishoneſt wretch; alas I know him not,
And doe forgive him.

Coun. Hee's hurt to, he cannot goe farre, I made my fathers old foxe flie about his eares.

Pha. How will you have me kill him?

Are. Not at all, tis some distracted fellow.

Pha. By this hand, I'le leave never a piece of him bigger then a nut, and bring him all in my hat.

Are. Nay, good sir,
If you doe take him bring him quicke to me,
And I will study for a punishment,
Great as his fault.

Pha. I will.

Are; But sweare.

Pha. By all my love I will: Woodmen conduct the Princesse to the King, and beare that wounded fellow to dressing: Come Gentle men, wee'l follow the chase close:

Exit Are, Pha, Di, Cle, Tra, & 1 Woodman.

Coun I pray you friend let me see the King:

2 Wood. That you shall and receive thankes: *Exeunt:*

Coun, If I get cleare with this, Ile goe to see no more gay sights

Enter Bellario.

Bell. A heavineſſe neare death ſits on my brow,
And I muſt ſleepe: Beare me thou gentle banke,
For ever if thou wilt: you ſweete ones all,
Let me unworthy preſſe you: I could wiſh
I rather were a Coarſe ſtrewd ore with you,
Then quicke above you. Dulneſſe ſhuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy: Oh that I could take
So ſound a ſleepe, that I might never wake.

Enter Philaſter.

Phi. I have done ill, my conſcience calls me falſe:
To ſtrike at her, that would not ſtrike at me:
When I did fight, me thought I heard her pray,
The gods to guard me. She may be abuſde,
And I a loathed villaine: If ſhe be,
She will conceale who hurt her: He has wounds,
And cannot follow, neither knowes he me.
Who's this? *Bellario* ſleeping? If thou beeſt
Guilty, there is no juſtice that thy ſleepe *cry within.*
Should be ſo ſound, and mine, whom thou haſt wrong'd,
So broken: Harke I am purſued: you gods,
Ile take this offerd meanes of my eſcape:
They have no marke to know me, but my wounds,
If ſhe be true; if falſe, let miſchiefe light
On all the world at once. Sword, print my wounds
Vpon this ſleeping boy; I ha none I thinke
Are mortall, nor would I lay greater on thee. *wounds him.*

Bell. Oh death I hope is come, bleſt be that hand,
It meant me well: againe, for pitties ſake.

Phi I haue caught my ſelfe, *Phi. falls.*
The loſſe of blood hath ſtayed my flight. Here, here
Is he that ſtroke thee: take thy full revenge,
Vſe me, as I did meane thee, worſe then death:
I'le teach thee to revenge: this luckleſſe hand
Wounded the Princeſſe, tell my followers,
Thou didſt receiue theſe hurts in ſaying me,
And I will ſecond thee: Get a reward

Bell. Fly fly my Lord, and ſave your ſelfe.
Phi. How's this?
Wouldſt thou I ſhould be ſafe?
Bell. Elſe were it vaine
For me to live. Theſe little wounds I have,
Ha not bled much, reach me that noble hand,
Ile helpe to cover you.
Phi. Art thou true to me?
Bell. Or let me periſh loath'd. Come my good Lord,
Creepe in among thoſe buſhes; who does know
But that the gods may ſave your (much lov'd) breath
Phi. Then I ſhall die for griefe, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee: what wilt thou doe?
Bell. Shift for my ſelfe well; peace, I heare um come.
Within. Follow, follow, follow, that way they went.
Bel. With my owne wounds Ile bloody my owne ſword.
I need not counterfeit to fall; Heaven knowes,
That I can ſtand no longer.

Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, Traſiline.

Pha. To this place we have tract him by his blood.
Cle. Yonder, my Lord, creepes one a way.
Di. Stay ſir, what are you?
Bell. A wretched creature wounded in theſe woods
By beaſts; relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I ſhall periſh.
Di. This is he my Lord,
Vpon my ſoule that hurt her; tis the boy,
That wicked boy that ſerv'd her.
Pha. O thou damn'd in thy creation!
What cauſe couldſt thou ſhape to hurt the Princeſſe?
Bell. Then I am betrayed.
Di. Betrayed; no, apprehended
Bel. I confeſſe:
Vrge it no more, that big with evill thoughts
I ſet upon her, and did take my aime
Her death: For charity let fall at once
The puniſhment you meane, and doe not load

This

This weary fleſh with tortures.

Pha. I will know who hird thee to this deed?

Bell. Mine owne revenge.

Pha. Revenge, for what?

Bell. It pleaſde her to receive
Me as her Page, and when my fortunes eb'd,
That men ſtrid o're them careleſſely, ſhe did ſhowre
Her welcome graces on me, and did ſwell
My fortunes, till they overflowed their bankes;
Threatning the men that croſt um: when as ſwift
As ſtormes ariſe at ſea, ſhe turn'd her eyes
To burning Sunnes upon me, and did dry
The ſtreames ſhe had beſtowed, leaving me worſe,
And more contemn'd then other little brookes,
Becauſe I had beene great: In ſhort, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did deſire.
To die reveng'd.

Pha. If tortures can be found,
Long as thy naturall life, reſolve to feele
The utmoſt rigour. *Philaſter creeps out of a buſh.*

Cle. Helpe to leade him hence.

Phi. Turne backe you raviſhers of Innocence,
Know ye the price of that you beare away
So rudely?

Pha. Who's that?

Di. Tis the Lord *Philaſter.*

Phi. Tis not the treaſure of all Kings in one,
The wealth of *Tagus*, nor the rockes of pearle,
That pave the Court of *Neptune*, can weigh downe
That vertue. It was I that hurt the Princeſſe.
Place me, ſome God, upon a *Piramis*,
Higher then hills of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence,
I may diſcourſe to all the under-world,
The worth that dwells in him.

Pha. How's this?

Bell. My Lord, ſome man.

Wary

Weary of life, that would be glad to die.
Phi. Leave theſe untimely curteſies *Bellario.*
Bell. Alas he is mad, come will you lead me on:
Phi. By all the oathes that men ought moſt to keepe,
And Gods doe puniſh moſt, when men doe breake,
He toucht her not. Take heed *Bellario,*
How thou doſt drowne the vertues thou haſt ſhown
With perjury. By all thats good twas I:
You know ſhe ſtood betwixt me and my right.
Pha. Thy owne tongue be thy Iudge.
Cle. It was *Philaſter.*
Di. Iſt not a brave boy?
Well Sirs, I feare me, we were all deceived.
Phi. Have I no friend here?
Di. Yes.
Phi. Then ſhew it:
Some good body lend a hand to draw us neerer.
Would you have teares ſhed for you when you dy?
Then lay me gently on his necke, that there
I may weepe flouds, and breath out my ſpirit:
Tis not the wealth of *Plutus*, nor the gold
Lockt in the heart of earth, can buy away
This armefull from me, this had bin a ranſome
To have redeem'd the great *Auguſtus Ceſar,*
Had he bin taken, you hard hearted men,
More ſtony then theſe mountaines, can you ſee
Such cleare pure blood drop, and not cut your fleſh
To ſtop his life? To bind whoſe better wounds,
Queens ought to teare their haire, & with their teares
Bath um. Forgive me, thou that art the wealth
Of poore *Philaſter.*

Enter King Arethuſa, and a guard.

K. Is the villaine tane.
Pha. Sir, here be two,
Confeſſe the deed; but ſay it was *Philaſter.*
Phi. Queſtion it no more, it was.
K. The fellow that did fight with him will tell us that.

Are. Ay me, I know he will.

K. Did not you know him?

Are. Sir, if it was he, he was diguiſed.

Phi. I was ſo, Oh my ſtars! that I ſhould live ſtill.

K. Thou ambitious foole;
Thou that haſt laid a traine for thy owne life;
Now I doe meane to doe, He leave to talke,
Beare him to priſon.

Are. Sir, they did plot together, to take hence
This harmeleſſe life; ſhould it paſſe unrevengd,
I ſhould to earth goe weeping; grant me then,
(By all the love a father beares his child)
Their cuſtodies, and that I may appoint
Their tortures and their deaths.

Di. Death? ſoft, our law will not reach that, for this fault.

K. Tis granted; take um to you, with a guard.
Come princely *Pharamond*, this buſineſſe paſt,
We may with more ſecurity, goe on
To your intended match.

Cle. I pray that this action looſe not *Philaſter* the hearts of the people

Di. Feare it not, their overwiſe heads will thinke it but a tricke,

Finis Actus quarti. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Quintus *Scæna Prima.*

Enter Dion, Cleremond, and Traſiline.

Tra. Has the King ſent for him to death?

Di. Yes but the King muſt know, tis not in his power to warre with heaven.

Cle. We linger time; the King ſent for *Philaſter*, and the headſman an houre agoe.

Tra. Are all his wounds well?

Di. All they were but ſcrarches, but the loſſe of blood made him faint,

Cle. Wee

Cle. We dally Gentlemen. *Tra.* A way.
Di. Wee'l skuffle hard before he periſh. *Exeunt*

Enter Philaſter, *Arethuſa*, *Bellario*.

Are. Nay deare *Philaſter*, grieve not, we are well.
Bell. Nay good my Lord forbeare, we are wondrous well.
Phi. Oh *Arethuſa*! O *Bellario*! leave to be kind:
I ſhall be ſhot from heaven, as now from earth,
If you continue ſo; I am a man,
Falſe to a paire of the moſt truſty ones
That ever earth bore, can it beare us all?
Forgive and leave me; but the King hath ſent
To call me to my death. oh ſhew it me,
And then forget me: And for thee my boy.
I ſhall deliver words will mollifie
The hearts of beaſts, to ſpare thy innocence.
Bell. Alas my Lord, my life is not a thing
Worthy your noble thoughts: tis not a life,
Tis but a peece of child-hood throwne away:
Should I outlive you, I ſhould then outlive
Vertue and honour: And when that day comes,
If ever I ſhall cloſe theſe eyes but once,
May I live ſpotted for my perjury,
And waſt my limbs to nothing.
Are. And I (the wofu'ſt maid that ever was,
Forc't with my hands to bring my Lord to death,)
Do by the honour of a Virgin ſweare,
To tell no houres beyond it.
Phi. Make me not hated ſo.
Are. Come from this priſon, all joyfull to our deaths
Phi. People will teare me when they find you true
To ſuch a wretch as I; I ſhall die loath'd.
Injoy your Kingdomes peaceably, whilſt I
For ever ſleepe, forgotten with my faults.
Every juſt ſervant, every Maid in love,
Will have a piece of me if you be true.
Are My deare Lord ſay not ſo.
Bell. A piece of you?

He was not borne of women that can cut it
And looke on:
Phi. Take me in teares betwixt you,
For my heart will breake with ſhame and ſorrow.
Are Why, tis well.
Bell. Lament no more.
Phi. What would you have done
If you had wrong'd me baſely, and had found
My life no price, compar'd to yours? For love Sirs,
Deale with me truely.
Bell Twas miſtaken, Sir:
Phi. Why if it were.
Bell. Then Sir we would have ask'd you pardon.
Phi And have hope to injoy it?
Are. Injoy it? I.
Phi. Would you indeed? be plaine.
Bell. We wou'd my Lord.
Phi. Forgive me then.
Are. So, ſo.
Bell. Tis as it ſhould be now.
Phi. Lead to my death. *Exeunt*

Enter King, Dion, Cleremond, Thraſilin.

K. Gentlemen, who ſaw the Prince?
Cle. So pleaſe you Sir, hee's gone to ſee th' Citty,
And the new platforme, with ſome Gentlemen
Attending on him.
K. Is the Princeſſe ready
To bring her priſoner out?
Tra. She waites your Grace.
K. Tell her we ſtay.
Di. King, you may be deceiv'd yet,
The head you aime at coſt more ſetting on
Then to be loſt ſo lightly: If it muſt off
Like a wild over flow, that ſoops before him
A golden Sacke, and with it ſhakes downe Bridges,
Cracks the ſtrong hearts of Pines, whoſe cable roots
Braſt a thouſand ſtormes, a thouſand thunders,
faint,

And

And ſo made mightier, takes whole villages
Vpon his back, and in that heat of pride,
Charges ſtrong Townes, Towers, Caſtles, Palaces,
And layes them deſolate; ſo ſhall thy head,
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thouſands
That muſt bleed with thee like a ſacrifice,
In thy red ruines.

Enter Philaſter, Arethuſa, Bellario, in a Robe and Garland.

K. How now, what Maske is this?

Bell. Right royall ſir, I ſhould
Sing you an Epithalamium of theſe lovers,
But having loſt my beſt ayres with my fortunes,
And wanting a celeſtiall harpe to ſtrike
This bleſſed union on; thus in glad ſtory
I give you all. Theſe two faire Cedar branches,
The nobleſt of the Mountaine, where they grew
Straighteſt and talleſt, under whoſe ſtill ſhades
The worthier beaſts have made their layers, and ſlept
Free from the *Sirian* Star, and the fell thunder-ſtroke,
Free from the Clouds, when they were big with humour,
And deliverd in thouſand ſpouts, there iſſues to the earth:
O there was none but ſilent quiet there!
Till never pleaſed Fortune, ſhot up ſhrubs,
Baſe underbrambles to devorce theſe branches;
And for a while they did ſo, and did raigne
Over the Mountaine, and choake up his beauty,
With Brakes, rude Thornes and Thiſtles, til the Sun
Scorcht them even to the roots, and dried hem thence;
And now a gentle gale hath blowne againe,
That made theſe branches meet and twine together,
Never to be divided: The god that ſings
His holy numbers over marriage beds,
Hath knit their noble hearts, and here they ſtand
Your children mighty King, and I have done.

K. How, how?

Are. Sir, if you love it in plaine truth,
For there is no masking in't; This Gentleman

The Priſoner that you gave me is become
My keeper, and through all, the bitter throwes
Your Icalouſies, and his ill fate have wrought him,
Thus nobly hath he ſtruggled; and at length
Arrivd here my deare husband.

K. Your deare husband! call in
The Captaine of the Cittadell; There you ſhall keepe
Your wedding. Ile provide a Maſque ſhall make
Your Himen turne his ſaffron into a ſullent coat,
And ſing ſad Requiems to your departing ſoules:
Blood ſhall put out your Torches, and inſtead
Of gaudy flowers about your wanton neckes,
An Axe ſhall hang, like a prodigious Meteor,
Ready to crop your loves ſweetes. Heare you gods:
From this time doe I ſhake all title of,
Of father to this woman, this baſe woman,
And what there is of vengeance, in a Lion
Chaſt among dogs, or rob'd of his deare young,
The ſame inforc't more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me.

Are. Sir,
By that little life I have left to ſweare by,
There's nothing that can ſturre me from my ſelfe.
What I have done, I have done without repentance,
For death can be no Bug-beare unto me,
So long as *Pharamond* is not my heapſman.

Di. Sweet peace upon thy ſoule, thou worthy maid
When ere thou dyeſt; for this time Ile excuſe thee,
Or be thy Prologue.

Phi. Sir, let me ſpeake next,
And let my dying words be better with you
Then my dull living actions; if you aime
At the deare life of this ſweet Innocent,
Y'are a Tirant, and a ſavage Monſter;
Your memory ſhall be as foule behind you
As you are living, all your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in Marble:

No Chronicle ſhall ſpeake you, though your owne,
But for the ſhame of men: No Monument
(Though high and big as *Pelion*) ſhall be able
To cover this baſe murther, make it rich
With Braſſe, with pureſt Gold, and ſhining Iaſper,
Like the Piramides, lay on Epitaphes,
Such as make great men gods; my little marble
(That onely cloaths my aſhes, not my faults)
Shall farre outſhine it. And for after iſſues
Thinke not ſo madly of the heavenly wiſdomes,
That they will give you more, for your mad rage
To cut off, vnleſſe it be ſome ſnake, or ſomething
Like your ſelfe, that in his birth ſhall ſtrangle you.
Remember my father King; there was a fault,
But I forgive it: let that ſinne perſwade you
To love this Lady. If you have a ſoule,
Thinke, ſave her, and be ſaved: for my ſelfe,
I have ſo long expected this glad houre,
So languiſht under you, and daily withered,
That heaven knowes it is my ioy to dy,
I find a recreation in't.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Where's the King?

K. Here.

Meſſ. Get you to your ſtrength,
And reſcue the Prince *Pharamond* from danger,
Hee's taken priſoner by the Citizens,
Fearing the Lord *Philaſter*.

Di. O brave followers;
Muteny, my fine deare Countrimen, muteny,
Now my brave valiant ſoremen, ſhew your weapons,
In honour of your Miſtreſſes. *Enter another Meſſenger.*

Meſſ. Arme, arme, arme:

K. A thouſand Divels take vm.

Di: A thouſand bleſſings on vm.

Meſſ. Arme O King, the Citie is in muteny,
Led by an old gray Ruffin, who comes on

In

In reſcue of the Lord *Philaſter*. *Exit with Art, Phi. Bellario.*

K. Away to the Cittadell, Ile ſee them ſafe,
And then cope with theſe Burgers: Let the guard
And all the Gentlemen give ſtrong attendance *Exit King*

Manent Dion, Cleremond, Traſiline.

Cle. The Citty up, this was above our wiſhes.

Di. I and the marriage too: by my life,
This noble Lady has deceiv'd us all, a plague upon my ſelfe; a thouſand plagues, for having ſuch unworthy thoughts of her deare honour: O I could beat my ſelfe, or do you beat me, and Ile beat you, for we had all one thought.

Cle. No, no, twill but loſe time.

Di. You ſay true, are your ſwords ſharpe? Well my deare Countrymen, what ye lacke, if you continue and fall not backe upon the firſt broken ſhinne, ile have you chronicled, and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and all to be praiſde, & ſung in ſonnets, and bathd in new brave Ballads, that all tongues ſhall troule you, *in Secula Seculorum*, my kind Can-carriers.

Tra. What if a toy take um ith heeles now, and they runn all away, and cry the Divell take the hindmoſt.

Di. Then the ſame Divell take the foremoſt too, & fowce him for his breakfaſt; if they all prove Cowards, my curſes fly amoug them and be ſpeeding: May they have Murriens raign to keep the gentle men at home unbound in eaſie freeze: May the Mothes branch their Velvets, and their ſilkes only be worne before ſore eyes. May their falſe lights undoe um, and diſcover preſſes, holes, ſtaines, and oldneſſe in their Stuffes, and make them ſhoprid: May they keepe Whores and horſes, and breake; and live mued up with neckes of Beefe and Turnups: May they have many children, and none like the Father: May they know no language but that gibberiſh they prattle to their Parcels, unleſſe it be the goariſh Latine they write in their bonds, and may they write that falſe, and loſe their debts.

Enter the King.

K. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them; how they ſwarme together! what a hum they raiſe! Divells choake your wild throats; If a man had need to uſe their valours, he muſt pay a Brokage for it, and then bring um on, and they will fight like ſheepe. Tis

Philaster, none but *Philaster* must allay this heat: They will not heare me speake, but fling durt at me, and call me Tyrant. Oh run deare friend, and bring the Lord *Philaster*: speake him faire, call him Prince, doe him all the curtesie you can, commend me to him. Oh my wits, my wits! *Exit Clerimond.*

Di. Oh my brave Countrimen! as I live, I will not buy a pinne out of your Walls for this; Nay, you shall cozen me, and Ile thanke you, and send you Brawne and Bacon, and foile you every long vacation a brace of foremen, that at Michaelmas shall come up fat and kicking.

K. What they will doe with this poore Prince, the gods know, and I feare:

Di. Why Sir, thei'l flea him, and make Church Bucketts on's skin to quench rebellion, then clap a rivet in's sconce, and hang him up for a signe.

Enter Clerimond with Philaster.

K. O worthy Sir, forgive me, doe not make
Your miseries and my faults meete together,
To bring a greater danger. Be your selfe,
Still sound amongst diseases, I have wrong'd you,
And though I finde it last, and beaten to it,
Let first your goodnesse know it. Calme the people,
And be what you were borne to: take your love,
And with her my repentance, and my wishes,
And all my prayers, by the gods my heart speakes this:
And if the least fall from me not perform'd,
May I be strooke with thunder.

Phi. Mighty Sir,
I will not doe your greatnesse so much wrong,
As not to make your word truth; free the Princesse,
And the poore boy, and let me stand the shock
Of this mad sea breach, which Ile either turne
Or perish with it.

K. Let your owne word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my leave kissing your hand,
And hanging on your royal word: be Kingly,
And be not moved Sir, I shall bring your peace.

Or never bring my selfe backe.

K. All the gods goe with thee. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter an old Captaine and Citizens with Pharamond.

Cap. Come my brave Mirmidons, lets fall on, let our caps
Swarme my boyes, and your nimble tongues forget your mother
Gibb rish, of what do you lack, and set your mouths
Vp Children, till your Pallats fall frighted halfe a
Fathome, past the cure of Bay-salt and grose Pepper,
And then cry *Philaster*, brave *Philaster*,
Let *Philaster* be deeper in request, my ding dongs,
My paires of deere Indentures, King of Clubs,
Then your cold water Chamblets, or your paintings
Spitted with Copper, let not your hasty Silkes,
Or your branch'd Cloth of Bodkin, or your Tishues,
Dearely belov'd of spiced Cake and Custard,
Your Robin-hoods scarlets and Tohns, tie your affections
In darknesse to your shops, no dainty Duckers,
Vp with your three pir'd spirits. your wrought valours,
And let your uncut Collers make the King feele
The measure of your mightinesse, *Philaster*,
Cry my Rose-nobles, cry.

All *Philaster*, *Philaster*,

Cap. How do you like this my Lord Prince, these are mad boyes,
I tell you, these are things that will not strike their top-sailes
To a Foist. And let a man of warre, an argosie
Hull, and cry Cockels.

Pha. Why you rude slave, doe you know what you do?

Cap My pritty Prince of Puppets, we do know
And give your Greatnesse warning, that you talke
No more such Pugs-words, or that soldred Crowne
Shall be scratch'd with a Musket: Deare Prince Pippen,
Downe with your noble blood, or as I live,
Ile haue you codled: let him loose my spirits,
Make us a round Ring with your Bills my Hectors,
And let us see what this trim man dares doe,
Now sir have at you; here I lie,
And with this swashing blow, do you sweat Prince;

I could hulke your grace, and hang you vp croſſe-legd,
Like a Hare at a Poulters, and do this with this wiper.

Pha. You will not ſee me murdred wicked Villaines?

1. *Ci.* Yes indeed will we ſir, we have not ſeen one foe a great while

Capt. He would have weapons would he? give him abroad ſide my brave boyes with your Pikes, branch me his skin in Flowers like a Sattin, and betweene every Flower a mortall cut, your Royalty ſhall ravell, jagge him Gentlemen, Ile have him cut to the kell, then downe the ſeames, oh for a whip
To make him galoone Laces,
Ile have a Coach-whip.

Pha. O ſpare me Gentlemen.

Cap. Hold, hold, the man begins to feare and know himſelfe,
He ſhall for this time onely be ſeal'd up
With a Feather through his noſe, that he may only ſee
Heaven and thinke whither hee's going,
Nay my beyond-Sea ſir, we will proclaime you
You would be King.
Thou tender Heire apparant to a Church-ale,
Thou ſleight Prince of ſingle ſarcenet;
Thou royall Ring-taile, fit to fly at nothing
But poore mens Poultry, and have every Boy
Beat thee from that too with his Bread and Butter.

Pha. Gods keepe me from theſe Hell-hounds.

2. *Cit.* Shall's geld him Captaine.

Cap. No, you ſhall ſpare his dowcets my deat Donſels
As you reſpect the Ladies let them flouriſh;
The curſes of a longing woman kills
As ſpeedy as a plague, Boyes.

1. *Cit.* Ile have a leg that's certaine.

2. *Cit.* Ile have an arme.

3. *Cit.* I'e have his noſe, and at mine owne charge build a Colledge, and clap't upon the gate.

4. *Cit.* Ile have his little gut to ſtring a Kit with,
For certainly a royall Gut will ſound like ſilver.

Pha. Would they were in thy Belly, and I paſt my paine once.

5. *Cit.* God Captaine let me have his Liver, to feed Ferrets.

Cap. Who will have parcells else? speake.

Pha. Good gods consider me, I shall be torturd.

1. *Ci.* Captaine Ile give you the trimming of your hand sword and let me have his skin to make false Scabbards.

2. *Ci.* He had no Hornes sir had he?

Cap. No sir, hee's a Pollard: what wouldst thou do with hornes?

2. *Ci.* O, if he had, I would have made rare Hafts and Whistles of um, but his skin bones if they be sound shall serve me.

Enter Philaster.

All. Long live *Philaster*, the brave Prince *Philaster*.

Phi. I thanke you Gentlemen, but why are these
Rude weapons brought a broad, to teach your hands
Vncivill trades.

Cap. My royall Rosicleare,
We are thy Mirmidons, thy Guard, thy Rorers,
And when thy noble body is in durance,
Thus doe we clap our musty Murrians on,
And trace the streets in terrour. Is it peace
Thou *Mars* of men? Is the King sociable,
And bids thee live? Art thou aboue thy foemen,
And free as *Phæbus*? Speake, if not, this Stand
Of royall blood, shall be a btoach, a tilt, and runne
Even to the lees of honour.

Phi. Hold and be satisfied, I am my selfe,
Free as my thoughts are; by the gods I am.

Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the King?
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?
Doe the Lords bow, and the regarded scarlets,
Kisse their gumd gols, and cry we are your servants?
Is the Court Navigable, and the presence stucke
With Flags of friendship? if not, we are thy Castle,
And this man sleepes.

Phi. I am what I doe desire to be, your friend,
I am what I was borne to be, your Prince.

Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you,
You haue a noble soule, forget my name,
And know my misery, set me safe a boord

From

From theſe wild *Canaballs*, and as I live,
Ile quit this Land for ever: there is nothing,
Perpetuall priſonment, cold, hunger, ſickneſſe,
Of all ſorts, of all dangers, and altogether
The worſt company of the worſt men, madnes, age
To be as many Creatures as a woman
And do as all they do, nay to diſpaire;
But I would rather make it a new Nature,
And live with all thoſe then endure one howre
Amongſt theſe wild dogges.

Phi. I doe pitty you: Friends diſcharge your feares,
Deliver me the Prince, Ile warrant you
I ſhall be old enough to finde my ſafety.

3. *Cit.* Good ſir take heede he does not hurt you,
Hee's a fierce man I can tell you Sir.

Capt. Prince, by your leave, ile have a ſurſingle,
And make you like a hawke. *He ſtirres.*

Phi. A way, a way, there is no danger in him:
Alas he had rather ſleepe to ſhake his fit off,
Looke you friends, how gently he leades, vpon my word
Hee's tame enough, he neede no further watching.
Good my friends go to your howſes, and by me haue your pardons, and my love,
And know there ſhall be nothing in my power
You may deſerve, but you ſhall have your wiſhes.
To give you more thanks were to flatter you,
Continue ſtill your love, and for an earneſt
Drinke this.

All. Long maiſt thou live brave Prince, brave Prince brave Prince. *Exit Philaſter and Pharamond.*

Capt. Thou art the King of Curteſie:
Fall of againe my ſweete youths, come and every man
Trace to his houſe againe, and hang his pewter vp, then to
The Taverne, and bring your wives in Muffes, we will have
Muſicke, and the red grape ſhall make vs dance, and riſe Boyes.

Exeunt

Enter

Enter King, Arethuſa, Gallatea, Megra, Clerimond, Dion, Traſiline, Bellario, and attendants.

K. Is it appeas'd?
Di. Sir, all is quiet as this dead of night,
As peaceable as ſleepe, my Lord *Philaſter*
Brings on the Prince himſelfe.
K. Kind Gentlemen!
I will not breake the leaſt word I have given
In promiſe to him, I have heap'd a world
Of griefe upon his head, which yet I hope
To waſh away.

Enter Philaſter and Pharamond.

Cle. My Lord is come.
K. My ſonne.
Bleſt be the time that I have leave to call
Such vertue mine; now thou art in mine armes,
Me thinkes I have a ſalve unto my breſt
For all the ſting that dwell there, ſtreames of griefe
That I have wrought thee; and as much of joy
That I repent it, iſſue from mine eyes:
Let them appeaſe thee, take thy right, take her,
She is thy right too, and forget to urge
My vexed ſoule with that I did before.
Phi. Sir it is blotted from my memory,
Paſt and forgotten: For you Prince of *Spaine*,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave
To make an honourable voyage home.
And if you would goe furniſh'd to your Realme
With faire proviſion, I doe ſee a Lady
Me thinkes would gladly beare you company:
How like you this peece?
Meg. Sir he likes it well,
For he hath tried it, and found it worth

His

His Princely liking; we were tane a bed,
I know your meaning, I am not the first
That nature taught to seeke a fellow forth:
Can shame remaine perpetually in me,
And not in others? or have Princes salves
To cure ill names that meaner people want.
Phi. What meane you?
Meg. You must get another ship
To beare the Princesse and the boy together.
Di. How now?
Meg. Others tooke me, and I tooke her and him,
At that all women may be tane sometime:
Ship us all foure my Lord, we can indure
Weather and wine alike.
K. Cleare thou thy selfe, or know not me for father.
Are. This earth,
How false it is? what meanes is left for me
To cleare my selfe? It lies in your beleefe,
My Lords beleeve me, and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonour me.
Bell. Oh stop your eares great King, that I may speak
As freedome would, then I will call this Lady
As base as be her actions, heare me sir,
Beleeue your hated blood when it rebels
Against your reason, sooner then this Lady.
Meg. By this good light he beares it handsomly.
Phi. This Lady! I will sooner trust the wind
With Feathers, or the troubled Sea with pearle,
Then her with any thing; beleeve her not!
Why thinke you, if I did beleeve her words,
I would outlive them: honour cannot take
Revenge on you, then what were to be knowne
But death.
K. Forget her sir, since all is knit
Betweene us: but I must request of you
One favour, and will sadly be denied.
Phi. Command what ere it be.

King.

K. Sweare to be true to what you promise.

Phi. By the powers above,
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted.

K. Beare away that boy
To torture, I will have her cleerd or buried.

Phi. O let me call my words backe, worthy sir
Aske something else, bury my life and right
In one poore grave, but doe not take away
My life and fame at once.

K. A way with him, it stands irrevocable.

Phi. Turne all your eyes on me, here stands a man
The falsest and the basest of this world:
Set swords against this breast some honest man.
For I have liv'd till I am pittied.
My former deedes were hatefull, but this last
Is pittifull, for I unwillingly
Have given the deere preserver of my life
Vnto his torture: is it in the power *Offers to kill himselfe.*
Of flesh and bloud, to carry this and live?

Are. Deere sir be patient yet; or stay that hand.

K. Sirs, strip that boy.

Di. Come sir, your tender flesh will trie your constancie.

Bel. O kill me Gentlemen.

Di. No, helpe sirs.

Bell. Will you torture me?

K. Hast there, why stay you?

Bell. Then I shall not breake my vow,
You know just Gods, though I discover all.

K. Hows that? will he confesse?

Di. Sir so he sayes.

K. Speake then.

Bel. Great King if you command
This Lord to talke with me alone, my tongue
Vrg'd by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath knowne, and stranger things then these
You heare not often,

King.

K. Walke aside with him.
Di. Why speak'st thou not?
Bell Know you this face my Lord?
Di. No.
Bell. Have you not seene it, nor the like?
Di. Yes, I have seene the like, but readily
I know not where.
Bell. I have bin often told
In Court, of one *Euphrasia*, a Lady
And Daughter to you, betwixt whom and me
(They that would flatter my bad face would sweare)
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be knowne asunder, drest a like.
Di: By heaven and so there is.
Bell. For her faire sake
Who now doth spend the spring time of her life
In holy Pilgrimage, move to the King,
That I may scape this torture.
Di. But thou speak'st
As like *Euphrasia* as thou dost looke,
How came it to thy knowledge that she lives
In Pilgrimage?
Bell. I know it not my Lord,
But I have heard it, and doe scarse beleeve it.
Di. Oh my shame, ist possible? Draw neare,
That I may gaze upon the, art thou shee,
Or else her murderer? where wert thou borne?
Bell. In *Siracusa.*
Di. What's thy name?
Bell. *Euphrasia.*
Di. O tis just, tis she,
Now I doe know thee, oh that thou hadst died,
And I had never seene thee, nor my shame,
How shall I owne thee, shall this tongue of mine
Ere call thee Daughter more?
Bell. Would I had died indeed, I wish it too,
And so I must have done by vow, ere publish'd

What I haue told, but that there was no meanes
To hide it longer yet I joy in this,
The Princesse is all cleare. *Phi.* What haue you done?
Di. Alls discouered. *Phi.* Why then hold you me,
All is discouered, pray you let me go. *He offers to stab*
K. Stay him. *Are.* What is discouered? *himselfe.*
Dio. Why my shame
It is a woman, let her speake the rest.
Phi. How! that againe. *Di.* It is a woman.
Phi. Blest be your powers that fauour Innocence,
K. Lay hold upon that Lady.
Phi. It is a woman Sir, marke Gentlemen,
It is a woman. *Arethusa* take
My soule into thy breast, that would be gone
With joy: it is a woman, thou art faire,
And vertuous still to ages, in despight of malice,
K. Speake you, where lies his shame?
Bell I am his Daughter.
Phi. The gods are just.
Di. I dare accuse none, but before you two,
The vertue of our age, I beleech my knee
For mercy.
Phi. Take it freely, for I know,
Though what thou didst were undiscreetly done,
Twas meant well.
Are And for me,
I have a power to pardon murderers
As any man has power to wrong me.
Cle. Noble and worthy.
Phi. But *Bellario*,
(For I must call thee still so) tell me why
Thou didst conceale thy sex, it was a fault,
A fault *Bellario*, though in thy other deeds
Of truth our waigh'd it: all these iealousies
Had flowne to nothing, if thou hadst discouered
What now we know.
Bell. My father oft would speake

Your

Your worth and vertue, and as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so rais'd, but yet all this
Was but a Mayden longing to be lost
As soone as found, till sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in Lawne, I saw a god
I thought, (but it was you) enter'd our gates,
My blood flue out, and backe againe as fast
As I had puft it forth, and sucke it in
Like breath, then was I cald away in haste
To enterteine you. Never was a man
Heav'd from a sheep-coat, to a scepter rais'd
So high in thoughts as I, you kist a kisse
Vpon these Lippes then, which I meane to keepe
From you for ever, I did heare you talke
Farre aboue singing; after you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stir'd it so, alas I found it Love,
Yet farre from Lust, for could I but have liv'd
In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble Father
With a feign'd Pilgrimage, and dreſt my selfe
In habit of a Boy, and for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you. And understanding well,
That when I made discovery of my sex,
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a Maid
Could call together, never to be knowne,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from mens eyes,
For other then I seem'd, that I might ever
Abide with you, then sate I by the Fount
Where first you tooke me up.

K. Search out a match
Within our Kingdome, where and when thou wilt
And I will pay thy dowry, and thy selfe
Wilt well deserve him;

Bell. Never sir will I
Marry, it is a thing within my vowt,
But if I may have leave to serve the Princesse,
To see the vertues of her Lord and her,
I shall have hope to live.

Are. I *Philaster*,
Cannot be jealous, though you had a Lady
Dresst like a Page to serve you, nor will I
Suspect her living here, come live with me,
Live free as I doe, she that loves my Lord,
Curst be the wife that hates her.

Phi. I grieve such vertue should be laid in earth
Without an Heire: heare me my royall Father,
Wrong not the freedome of our soules so much,
To thinke to take revenge of that base woman,
Her malice cannot hurt us; set her free
As she was borne, saving from shame and sinne.

K. Set her at liberty, but leave the Court,
This is no place for such, you *Pharamond*
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home
Worthy so great a Prince, when you come there,
Remember twas your faults that lost you her,
And not my purpos'd will.

Pha. I doe confesse
Renowned sir.

K. Last joyne your hands in one, enjoy *Philaster*
This Kingdome which is yours, and after me
What ever I call mine, my blessing on you,
All happy houres be at your marriage joyes,
That you may grow your selves over all lands,
And like to see your plenteous Branches spring
Where ever there is Sunne, let Princes learne
By this to rule the passions of their blood,
For what Heaven wills can never be withstood.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

STC 1684 PHILASTER

Before it was separately bound (by Robt. Lunow) this play was bound with seven others. For list and fuller description see STC 1672 copy 1.

While this play was in sheets I examined it and found it as below:

Collation: A-K^4 L^2.

Condition: All pairs of leaves were normally conjugate except L1:2, which appeared to have been conjugate originally.

3 Oct 56 Heb